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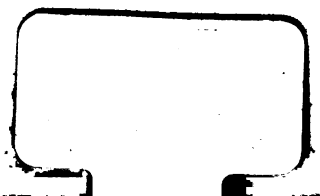

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MEMOIR

OF

JAMES JACKSON, Jr.

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MEMOIR

OF

JAMES JACKSON, JR. M. D.

WRITTEN BY HIS FATHER,

WITH

EXTRACTS FROM HIS LETTERS,

AND

REMINISCENCES OF HIM,

BY A FELLOW STUDENT.

FOR THE WARREN STREET CHAPEL.

The Cross and the Press are the two great instruments for the civilization of the human race. — *Lamartine.*

BOSTON:
HILLIARD, GRAY & CO.
1836.

The Francis A. Countway
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PREFACE.

The Teachers of the Warren Street Chapel, have determined to publish from time to time works which will lead to a more elevated standard of merit, more liberal views of moral and religious truth, and at the same time procure for themselves funds by which they may be able to extend still farther the usefulness of their institution. With these views they present this volume to the public, in the full conviction that the Memoir and the Letters of such an individual as he was whose life is portrayed in them, will be perused with interest and that they will do good.

Should our means be sufficient we shall issue as soon as possible another volume.

Boston, Nov. 10, 1836.

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TO

P. CH. A. LOUIS, M. D.,

OF PARIS,

Who was regarded by the subject of this Memoir as a second father, not with more admiration than filial respect and affection; — and

TO

FRANCIS BOOTT, M. D.,

OF LONDON,

Whose bright mind and pure and elevated virtues inspired the most ardent and sincere love in his young friend; —

The two men, to whom, among many, he felt most indebted whilst in Europe; —

With the respect and gratitude, which under such circumstances, a father must feel, this Memoir is respectfully and affectionately dedicated by

JAMES JACKSON.

Boston, April 15, 1835.

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MEMOIR.

THE following pages contain a memoir of the life of my late son, James Jackson, Jr. M. D., with extracts from his letters and a selection from the medical cases collected by him, principally in Paris. I have been induced to print these cases by the solicitation of those, who knew how he had collected them. I have been induced to write the memoir in consequence of the suggestion of those who knew something of him, and whose opinions I respect. In some points the task has been grateful to me; sad, though it may seem, for a father. I thank God that I have been able to maintain my cheerfulness and to attend to the common occupations of life since the deplorable loss, which I suffered in his departure from this world. But every hour has he been in my mind. In every occupation in almost every conversation, however little oth-

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ers could see the connexion, his image has been before me. It has been a beautiful image and has not checked any pleasure, nor even any gaiety, in which I thought that he could have joined.

Under any circumstances I might seem an improper person to give his history, and my statements may be deemed scarcely worthy of credit. Who will believe that I shall be impartial? I can say however that I would not willingly be guilty of exaggeration, if it were only from a respect to the love of truth, which formed the most distinguishing trait in his character. He loved me as few sons love their fathers. Of this I have had ample and constant proofs. But he loved truth better, and would not subscribe to any opinion because it was mine, though he was quite willing, in his conduct, to submit to my direction and control.

But, if I draw a fancy picture, while I design to paint the character of my son, if that presents a young man who devoted his time most assiduously to the acquisition of useful knowledge, who cultivated at the same time his best moral affections and acted from the highest love of virtue, and who thereby secured the friendship of the wise and good, the fiction at least may have

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some good influence on the young and inexperienced. At least it may lead them to reflect on the immutable connexion between virtue and happiness.

The subject of this story was not indeed rewarded by long life. But in this age will it be maintained that long life is the greatest of blessings? This is a topic, on which I shall not enlarge; but I will only say for myself, which I do most sincerely, that I would not have added a year to my son's life by an habitual and allowed indulgence in a single vice.

The history of my son's life is very simple and it may be told very briefly. He was born on the 15th January, 1810, was graduated at the University in Cambridge in 1828, and then engaged in the study of medicine. This he did under my direction and as my pupil. He continued as such till the April of 1831, and during this time he attended the medical lectures of our University and saw the practice of the Massachusetts General Hospital. In the spring, 1831, he went to Paris, where he arrived in May, and remained till July, 1833, except during a visit of six months to Great Britain and Ireland in the spring and summer of 1832. He reached home

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at the end of the summer, 1833, and was graduated as Doctor of Medicine in our University in February, 1834. He was now prepared to engage in practice, and took rooms for himself in Franklin Place. He was thus brought to the starting place of active life, and under circumstances the most flattering and the most grateful, when he was arrested in his course. Exactly at this point he was arrested. His arrangements being made, he sent an advertisement to the public papers, which appeared on the 5th of March, and on that day he was taken sick so as to lodge at my house instead of occupying the rooms, which he had just announced as his residence. This sickness was his last, and he died on the 27th of the same month, being in his 25th year.

Thus cut off before he had yet been tried in the serious business of life, and having passed his brief course without encountering any of the trials to which many men are subjected, it would seem that his story could hardly afford any details of interest except to his own family. And yet he did excite an interest during his life in very many friends, abroad as well as at home, and that of the warmest kind; and his loss has been deeply mourned by those, whom I never saw,

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and to whom he was recommended only by his own conduct. There must then have been something in him to have excited this interest, which I shall call deep and ardent, disregarding the imputation to which I subject myself of a blind partiality. This something was in his character. If he is to be commemorated it should be by delineating that character; and while doing this I shall be led to detail, though it may not be in exact order, the events of his life as illustrating it. Any friend in pursuing this course would be thought liable to run into eulogy instead of giving a true description of the subject of his discourse; a fond father must certainly be subject to this suspicion. Those who know the truth in this case must decide whether this suspicion is justified by what follows. I may however premise that I shall not attempt to write coldly, while I shall endeavor to keep in mind that my business is not to display my own feelings toward the beloved subject of my discourse, but to draw a picture of one whose features are more perfectly engraved on my mind than on that of any one else.

From his earliest age my son always manifested great cheerfulness of temper and gaiety of heart, so that he was never long depressed by

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trouble of any kind. He was always ready to sympathize with those about him, and he loved to engage their sympathy in return. He was not contented without constant action, except when engaged in study or other occupation. These characteristics are common enough in boyhood, and did not distinguish him among his fellows at that stage of life. It was by myself only perhaps that his indomitable gaiety of heart was then noticed; though I also remarked, very early, that his mind was capable of being engaged in the most solemn subjects. From these characteristics he was often boisterous and annoying to those about him, but he was so good-humored they could not long be angry with him. He had very little ambition to gain distinction, or to be a leader among his comrades, but delighted to join in their sports on terms of equality, as anxious that they should be pleased as to have his share of the sport. He was agreeable to his young friends without being distinguished among them. His schoolmaster loved him; but had to punish him continually for the sin of laughing, of which he could not break him however. He would strive at times to get a high rank in his class to please me, for he always loved me most ardently; but he seemed not otherwise to value

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the distinction. Once, when a little boy, he had kept at the head of his class for two or three days, and then a younger boy got above him. I reproached him for permitting this. But he said, with great naïveté, that the other boy "ought to be at the head sometimes." I hardly gave him credit at the moment for this generous wish for the gratification of his rival, but his companions in later life will agree with me in believing that it was the result of that interest in the happiness of others, which he manifested more and more strongly as long as he lived.

In college his ready sympathy led him at first into the company of those, who were most gay, and for a few months he joined in their pleasures. At the end of six months the excellent president gave me warning that my son had become intimate with those, whose company was the most dangerous. This would have caused me great distress but that, happily, my son had recently given me the same information and had told me that he had discovered his danger; in fact, as soon as he perceived the vices of his associates, he no longer sympathized with them; he had broken with them. It was so; and his connexion was never afterwards renewed with them, nor with those who were like them. He now

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happily formed an intimacy with one who encouraged all his virtuous aspirations, and he began to cultivate, upon principle, a purity of heart, of which the fruits were forming in all his subsequent life. He was not led into habits, nor into any feelings of austerity. Gaiety he could not dismiss; it was ever springing up in him. He was guilty of imprudences like others. But he constantly studied his duty, he cultivated more and more the best principles of action, and from year to year his standard of excellence was placed higher and higher. He never attained a distinguished rank in his class by an exact attention to his collegiate duties, a circumstance which I do not mention in commendation. Yet without my knowledge, until long afterwards, he established for himself certain rules of action and habits of industrious study, from which he seldom deviated subsequently, and was really storing his mind with valuable knowledge. I was not aware of his industry, though I thought that I watched him closely, till he had left the college. He did not tell me of it, though he was very open and ingenuous in telling me his feelings and his errors. When he began the study of medicine under my eye, he gave himself to it with an energy and industry that surprised me.

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I thought at the moment that he was resolved to make up for past negligences, but that his zeal would probably soon abate. I did not yet understand him. Subsequently my only apprehension was from his too great devotion to his studies, which constantly went on increasing. I presumed that the temptations to pleasure in Europe would draw him off from laborious study quite enough; but not so; there, even more than here, he spent his strength, without reserve, in his professional pursuits; though he meant to keep himself within the limits of safety. The only temptation, which he could not at all resist, was that furnished by the invaluable opportunities, there offered to him, for the increase of useful knowledge.

When he went abroad his reading on professional subjects had been so extensive and his habits of observation so well formed, that I thought him fully prepared to avail himself of the advantages he might derive from the excellent schools of Paris, London, and Edinburgh. I dared not then say so even in my own family, for I feared the evil consequences of too much praise; but I regarded his acquisitions as very extraordinary for a student of his standing, and therefore let him go at an earlier period than

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that at which I commonly advise young men to take the same step. Those who are acquainted with medical literature will believe that I did not overrate his diligence after considering the following statement. Before the termination of the second year of his pupilage he went through the Epistles of Morgagni on the seats and causes of diseases, as translated by Alexander, in three thick quarto volumes. He took notes of what he read, and as he went on compared with it the invaluable work of Baillie on morbid anatomy, another quarto, with the plates accompanying it. This he did indeed in the quiet of the country, but he took proper time for exercise, and did not seem to me more industrious than at other periods. He however completed the whole in seven weeks. Nor did he read this work, as a task, without possessing himself of its contents. He read it with great interest; and he fixed in his mind so many of its details, that by the aid of his short notes he was able to refer to it afterwards. Thus I find in his early autopsies in Paris, which he entered in his common-place book, many references in the margin to cases in this great storehouse of post-mortem researches. Indeed I have not been acquainted with any one, who was so intimate with the details of this

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work, as he was. Immediately after this, and before his second year of medical studies was terminated, he wrote a long dissertation on pneumonia, in doing which he consulted all the writings on the subject which he could get at, both those expressly on it and those which embraced it with other subjects in systematic works. This dissertation gained him the Boylston medical prize from a committee, among the members of which was Dr Ware. Dr Ware spoke to me of this work at the time in terms of great commendation, and I confess that, when I read it, I was fearful that it would be supposed I had rendered assistance in the preparation of it, which in such a case would have been improper. But in fact I had only pointed out the sources of information and had made some general remarks on the subject, as I should in conversation with any pupil. I was aware that he was writing on the subject, but thought at the time it was only an exercise as a member of the Boylston medical society, not a dissertation for a prize.

I have stated these things as examples of his industry. I may add, that in the period of his medical studies, before he went to Europe, scarcely two years and a half, if I deduct the time employed on journeys, he had read a very large

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proportion of all the valuable English standard works on medicine, and very many of the French, frequently and carefully consulting older works in other languages when referred to, especially when facts were concerned. At the same time he had engaged as fully as most others in dissection in its proper season; he had attended the hospital most punctually except in the summer season; he had seen much of disease elsewhere, particularly at the House of Industry, where Dr Fisher was then physician, and frequently invited him when there was anything particularly interesting; and he took notes of lectures and of everything which came under his observation, especially of the autopsies which he attended, so that he had covered twelve hundred folio pages of his common-place books, when he left home.

It was thus prepared he went to Paris, there to take care of himself when just past twentyone years of age. Thus far, except two or three journeys, he had lived in a limited circle under the eyes and care of his friends. At college, even, he resided principally in a private family of the first respectability, and of the greatest moral worth, where he had been treated as a child and a friend, and had been allured by kind-

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ness to submit to wholesome restraints and to the friendly warnings of wisdom and experience. I could not dismiss one so inexpressibly dear to me without anxiety, though satisfied that it was wise that he should go. The following extracts will show something of the state of his mind, and of my own. They will bring before the reader the true feelings and principles which then reigned in his heart, and if I may write about him at all, I see not why I may not produce them.

EXTRACT FROM MY LETTER TO HIM, APRIL 9, 1831.

"I look forward with sanguine hopes of benefit from the opportunities you will have. I feel satisfied that you will not omit to avail yourself of them. It is this hope of benefit to you which reconciles me to your absence, for I have already begun to look to you as my most interesting companion for the remainder of my days. As to the hazards to which you are exposed, I certainly do not disregard them; yet I shall not allow a regard to them to make me unhappy. At least, I think so now. There is a risk of life, —and it would indeed alter the aspect of my

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future days, if I did not hope to have you by my side and to leave you behind me in this world. But this is the smallest risk by far. Whether we pass a few short years together in this world is comparatively of little consequence. Whether we meet in a better world is of immeasurable importance. This depends on ourselves; — on the strict regard to morality which we both maintain; — a morality in Dr Holyoke's sense, which includes piety, — a regard to our Maker, as well as to ourselves and fellow-men. Now I am not insensible to the temptations, to which young and old are exposed in Paris and London. I can think of them till I tremble. But my trembling is stilled by the confidence I place in you. This confidence is sincere and strong. It is not unlimited, but it is as great as it can be in any young man. I know that your fondness for society, arising from the best feelings, is very strong; but I feel assured that you know how to control it, — and that your principles are strong and of the best kind. I shall not therefore allow myself to be anxious; and it is more to tell you this than to insinuate any cautions, that I have been led into this long statement of my views and feelings. In temptation, I think you will first think of home, — and then cast your eyes

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higher, — to the home we all ultimately hope for, and to the Father who is better than any earthly parent. I referred to the dangers of society; — I wish to add that among men of the world, and I may say such gentlemen as a traveller meets, there is a sort of presumption conveyed in conversation, that no one feels bound very strictly by the rules of morality. Now one need not turn knight-errant, nor missionary, to beat down the obnoxious principles thus indirectly maintained. But, on the other hand, I have never found any society, in which I needed to remain, in which a gentleman was bound to assent to such principles, — or in which he might not declare his dissent from them, when he was compelled to speak of them directly. In short, a man never loses, but almost always gains with the worst men, by pursuing an honorable and virtuous course. The share of reputation, which you have yourself gained, while leading a quiet and you may almost say, a secluded life, shows you that a man gains reputation fully in proportion to his merits. Some persons must see your course, — and by them, even while they do not think of doing so, it is published and fixes your character. Not that a regard to character is the highest motive to action, but I was

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led to speak of it in another view, viz.: that a regard to it in the eyes of those about you, need not lead you to make sacrifices to their vices and follies."

The letter from which the foregoing extract is made, reached my son in New York, on his arrival there, after sailing upon the Hudson, and visiting the Trenton Falls. In his reply, of which the greater part follows, he refers to the scenes, in which his mind had been delightfully engaged.

"NEW YORK, APRIL 15, 1831.

"MY DEAR FATHER,—

"My heart beats, and my eyes fill, and my hopes are brightened, and my resolutions are strengthened, as I advance in reading your kind letter of affection and advice. Be assured I will not neglect the opportunities which I am about to enjoy. My constant prayer is to God, that he will give me strength, moral and mental, to improve them to the utmost. I have already, some time since, said to you that, were it not that I may with every reason expect to be in

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your society and under your guidance again on my return, I would on no account visit Europe. I feel and know that my opportunities for improvement during any two years, which I shall be absent, would be much greater at home than any I can obtain abroad; — but both have their peculiar advantages, and trusting in the mercy and providence of God, who has already poured upon me so many blessings, I feel a confident hope that I may enjoy both without foregoing either.

"You next speak, my dear father, of the temptations abroad to young men. I, too, can and do think, and have oftentimes thought of them, till I tremble. I feel myself to be weak, weaker than I should be. I am not phlegmatic; — I have not yet learned to be master of myself; — I am yet, too often, much too often, the slave of circumstances. I feel that this is to be the toil and study of my life, to become master of myself. I am learning each day, more and more, that it is the education of the immortal part, which should and must demand man's most serious and untiring attention. I begin to feel too that it is his highest happiness to cultivate it. I see the difficulties with which I must contend, and I feel deeply conscious of my moral weakness; — but again I feel a sort of confidence in remembering

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that the Creator has given to man strength to resist all moral evil, and in hoping and praying that he will enable me to exert it. The future, with all, especially with a young man, is uncertain;—but for all that is important it is in our hands;—an awful responsibility, indeed, but yet ennobling and encouraging. One thought is most cheering,—we may depend upon it with security,—in the right conduct of the future, we have the certain aid and assistance of our all-powerful and benevolent Father, who will point us to the right path and safely conduct us over it, however rugged, if we will but open our eyes to see, and our hearts to accept, instead of blindly refusing his kind offers. My dear father, this is no affectation;—it is no unmeaning rhapsody;—my mind for some time has been becoming more and more convinced of the *essential importance* of these subjects, and I promise you the last week has not been spent in vain;—not only has my mind been improving;—my heart, too, is better for what I have seen;—it is good for me to have been the spectator of these majestic works of the Deity in the natural world around us. My heart has been warmed with a sense of his benevolence, and my mind opened anew and more strongly, to a conviction of his power and greatness.

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"In anticipating my future career in life, my mind is filled with what? I can tell you, for I have spent much time during the last three months, in a serious consideration of the subject, and feel that I have arrived at somewhat more definite views than I had previously entertained. I would divide all the objects of my aim and efforts into two classes, — the essentials and the desirables; — and in a few words they are these. Among the first, are a moral character, in the fullest acceptation of the term; or in other words a life of virtue, so spent as shall be acceptable to God, and render me fit to enjoy the blessings of the virtuous; an honorable and useful exercise of my profession; — these two will perhaps include the only remaining essential, viz. such a situation in society, as to property, respectability, and so forth, as every young man brought up, as I have been, feels it his duty to except and provide for.

"Among the second, I would reckon the pleasures of social life, a handsome and independent property, and a high professional reputation. The time has been, and that not very long since, when I looked upon this last as the most important of all. But I am now wiser. I have not ceased to value this abstractedly as much as

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before; but its relative place among the objects of my desire is changed, — I trust irrevocably changed.

"One word more on this subject, and I have done. You say it is rather to express your confidence in my principles, than to insinuate any cautions, that you have written me so fully on this subject. Trust not too much in my principles. At this moment they are as firm and as virtuous as I could wish; but I have told you that I am weak, and have yet to learn the severe lesson of self-denial. For your own comfort and happiness believe me strong if you will; but for my good, believe me weak. It is my sincere wish and desire, I may almost say command, (for in such matters the child may command the parent,) that you will often remind me in your letters of the temptations to which I am exposed, and the incentives to avoid them. Do not think that I am writing words which mean nothing. It had been my intention for some weeks past to write you, before I left the country, on this very subject; to request your direct and constant aid in the preservation and improvement of my moral character. I hope that you will read and understand this request literally; as much so as any I ever made for a

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book to improve my mind, or a dollar to clothe my body. One duty yet remains, — a cheerful and a pleasant one, and yet one which I can perform but too inadequately; — it is to express my gratitude to you; to express to you all that I feel would be impossible; — perhaps also it would be unnecessary, as you must know it already. It might have been expressed more fully, and most becomingly in the actions of my past life; but it has not been. No mode is now left me, but by words and my future conduct. No words that I can use, can ever exhibit to you my real feelings; and for my future conduct I fear, yet hope. The duties of a parent to his child, which your approving conscience must tell you in more audible tones than I can utter, have been by you most strictly exercised, call for a correspondent gratitude from the child, none the less because they are the *duties* of his parent. But in my case, there is something more than this. Though I love to dwell upon the relation, which exists between us, and the circumstances and scenes and events, which have arisen from that relation; yet I have sometimes taken another view of the subject. I have considered the relation of parent and child as adventitious or accidental; — I have looked upon you

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and myself as two beings whom God had placed upon this earth, and whom accident had brought together; I have then thought of how much I was indebted to you for all the principles and knowledge and powers that I possess; — but, my dear father, I will stop. You see what is in my mind, — I have been writing you, till I am getting too much excited; — but it is a holy excitement, and will do me good. My prayer is to God, that we may meet again in this world, — but I know it is uncertain, — my prayer and efforts too are and shall be, that my life may be so spent as to meet you in another world, if not in this, which may God in his infinite mercy grant."

It is easy for a young man to make promises in any situation. We all know how uncertain must be the strength of his resolution when brought to trial. I certainly should not have given these extracts, if I did not believe that my son's conduct abroad was in full accordance with the promises implied in them. That he was always wise and discreet is not to be presumed. But, if all who knew him did not combine to

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deceive me, and if, also, evidences of every kind, which I could examine, were not fallacious, his life was such, when out of my sight, as it had been at home; — marked by moral purity, as well as by incessant industry. The abundant testimonials of his industry which I now possess, specimens of which are in the following pages, show that he had not time to engage in those pernicious indulgences which too often engross young men in the cities of Europe. Indeed, I would not intimate that he was singular in this respect. I gladly avail myself of the occasion to state that the medical students from this country, with very rare exceptions, are too much occupied with their professional studies, when in Paris or London, to allow much time to the ruinous pleasures of those great cities. This may perhaps be fairly attributed to the very interesting character of those studies.

In Paris my son attended principally in three hospitals, viz.; La Pitié, St Louis, and that for sick children, (Hôpital des Enfans Malades.) In the first of these he saw the practice of M. Louis and M. Andral, and heard their clinical lectures. It was here he spent most of his time. In the second, (St Louis,) he attended to diseases of the skin and to the lectures of M. Biett. It

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was not possible for him to give time for a frequent attendance at the Hôpital des Enfans Malades, at the regular hours, without omitting his visits at La Pitié. He was, however, so fortunate as to obtain permission to go with the interne, or house-pupil of that hospital in his evening visit. He was thus able, no other pupil being present, to examine more minutely the numerous cases there collected, than he could have done in any other way.

The liberality of the French government, for it is by the national government that the hospitals are maintained, permits foreigners to join their own pupils in attendance on their hospitals without any fee. The liberal feelings of the physicians and surgeons of those hospitals lead them in like manner to give instruction to all, who will attend to it, without any pecuniary reward. Of the privileges thus granted, my son partook with others. He had not any special introduction to the medical gentlemen on whom he attended. But he received from them not merely favors, but such substantial services, that I am bound to acknowledge them in giving this account of his life. I mean, however, also to adduce the services thus rendered him, as the evidence of impartial witnesses in proof of his

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merit as their pupil. I refer particularly to M. Louis and M. Andral. By the latter he was treated not only with civilities, to which a common stranger could have no claim, but he was indulged in the favor of free intercourse at once most flattering and most useful from such a source. I can scarcely describe with how much reverence for the genius of this eloquent professor, and with how much gratitude these favors were received. By the former, M. Louis, he was distinguished so peculiarly, that I shall take the liberty to print two of M. Louis's letters to me, lest I be suspected of exaggeration. There grew up between them a friendship of no common kind. M. Louis treated him with as much kindness and confidence as he could have shown to a son; and James felt toward him an affection second only to that which he experienced toward myself.

The acquaintance commenced by very flattering attentions from M. Louis, to his young pupil, at a period, when even his name was probably unknown to his master. This gave my son confidence in addressing him. Subsequently with two excellent friends from Philadelphia, he requested from M. Louis, private instructions on auscultation and percussion. They offered com-

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pensation for the time and trouble, which he would bestow on them. The compensation was not such as could have been an inducement to M. Louis, yet he complied instantly with their request. They had not dared to promise themselves this success, and had almost feared that he would regard them as too presumptuous. They were transported with the prospect before them, and still more with the excellent instruction which they obtained in consequence of it. Soon after this, the epidemic cholera appeared in Paris. The part which my son took at this time, I shall state more distinctly by itself; but at present I refer to this period as the time, in which the acquaintance of my son with both his great masters, became more intimate. When he left Paris, after having studied this disease, at the end of April, 1832, M. Louis manifested a regard for him in terms the most grateful and most flattering. Venerating him, as my son now did, his affectionate heart knew not how to respond to so much kindness. On his return to Paris, in the following autumn, he at once was admitted to the full friendship of his master, and, while he remained with him, their intercourse was of the most confidential character; and to the pupil was most instructive.

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I must now be permitted to give the letters before mentioned, to show that I have not exaggerated the favorable opinion of M. Louis toward my son.

TRANSLATION OF LETTERS FROM M. LOUIS TO DR JACKSON.

SIR, MY RESPECTED BROTHER,—

I have received with gratitude the letter you did me the honor to write me in regard to your son and his memoir upon cholera. I give you special and hearty thanks for having afforded me so good an occasion to speak of one, toward whom I entertain sentiments of real friendship as well as of esteem.

It did not require much time for me to appreciate fully the sagacity and talent, which your son possesses, in the observation of nature. I had remarked these characteristics in him, before I knew who he was. Soon afterwards, learning that he would ere long return to Boston, I pointed out to him the advantage it would be for science and for himself, if he would devote several years exclusively to the observation of dis-

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eases. I now retain the same opinion and am strengthened in it; for the more I become acquainted with, and the more I notice him applying himself to observation, the more am I persuaded that he is fitted to render real service to science, — to promote its progress. I find that he would be well pleased to follow for a certain period the vocation, for which nature has fitted him; but he has stated to me that there are many difficulties, which would prevent his devoting himself exclusively to observation for several years. But can these difficulties be insurmountable? Must we compel ourselves to believe that a man, whom nature has peculiarly qualified for observation, cannot be permitted to exercise the peculiar talents bestowed on him. For my own part I cannot admit the belief; I hope and trust that the difficulties, of which he has spoken, will disappear.

Let us suppose that he should pass four more years without engaging in the practice of medicine, what a mass of positive knowledge will he have acquired! How many important results will he have been able to publish to the world during that period! After that he must necessarily become one of the bright lights of his country; others will resort to him for instruction,

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and he will be able to impart it with distinguished honor to himself. If all these things be duly weighed, it will appear that he will soon redeem the four years, which men of superficial views will believe him to have lost.

It is with the utmost seriousness, sir, that I write to you thus. It would not be without the deepest conviction of the advantages of the plan I propose, that I should offer my advice on a subject, on which I have not been consulted. It is not for the sake of making to a parent some grateful remarks about his son, that I have pointed out to you how much may, in my opinion, be hoped from the talents for observation, which belong to Mr Jackson; but simply to render homage to truth. Excuse me then for the step I have ventured to take, and believe that, if I had not felt that I had in this case a duty to fulfil, I should not have offered to you my advice, nor addressed to you my petition; for it is rather a petition I have addressed to you, than advice that I have given you. How could I venture to do the latter?

Nevertheless in reading over my letter, it seems to me to betray the tone of an advocate who is pleading a cause; and I would willingly begin it anew, were I not afraid that from my

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deep conviction of the truth of what I have stated, I should relapse into the same fault. Accept it then, sir, such as it is, with indulgence, and believe that no one here is more sincerely attached to your son, or entertains for him a higher esteem than myself. Above all, listen to the suggestions, which I have ventured to make; and may my wishes that your son may devote himself exclusively to observation be ultimately realized; for it is to that point I constantly return.

I conclude by renewing to you my thanks, and beg you to be assured of the sentiments, &c.

(Signed,) Louis.

PARIS, OCTOBER 28, 1832.

SIR, MY RESPECTED BROTHER,—

I thank you most sincerely for your last letter and particularly for the details into which you were kind enough to enter with regard to your son. Nothing certainly could be more grateful to my feelings; for it is almost a mark of affection for myself, and I feel almost worthy of it from the strength of that, which I bear to your excellent son. He will soon leave us; but his name will long be mentioned among us, and

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I hope that the ocean, which is to separate us, will not be a complete barrier to our intercourse.

I feel more than any one else how much you must long to see as soon as possible a son, whose profession is the same as your own, and with whom it will be so delightful to you to converse respecting it. Indeed, I never thought of inducing you to leave him with us in Europe for four or five years. I love in Mr Jackson the man and the physician; but he is a son, and you are a father; and though I have never known the delights of paternal affection, I should not have regarded as possible the sacrifice which you understood me to propose to you. My only wish was that you should allow your son to devote himself exclusively to observation, for several years in Boston. I recommended this to you, because no one is more capable than he is of cultivating science and consequently of promoting the progress of practice. For what is practice but science brought into daily use?

Think for a moment, sir, of the situation in which we physicians are placed. We have no legislative chambers to enact laws for us. We are our own lawgivers; or rather we must discover the laws, on which our profession rests. We must *discover* them and not invent them;

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for the laws of nature are not to be invented. And who is to discover these laws? Who should be a diligent observer of nature for this purpose, if not the son of a physician, who has himself experienced the difficulties of the observation of disease, who knows how few minds are fitted for it, and how few have at once the talents and inclination requisite for the task? The inclination especially; for this requires that the observer should possess a thorough regard for truth, and a certain elevation of mind, or rather of character, which we rarely meet with. All this is united in your son. You ought, for in my opinion it is a duty, you ought to consecrate him for a few years to science. This, sir, is my conviction, and I hope it will be yours also. I know very well that every one will not be of the same opinion; but what matters it, if it be yours; if you look upon a physician, as I do, as holding a sacred office, which demands greater sacrifices than are to be made in any other profession.

Believe me that I do not forget in all this the force of established usages. I think of all this; but I am none the less convinced that Mr Jackson, entering into practice after three or four years, with the esteem of all his professional

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brethren, and surrounded as it were with their respect, will very rapidly regain all which he may have sacrificed and much more.* At all events my best wishes and those of all his friends here, will follow him, whatever may be his course; and I shall always esteem myself happy in having known him. Permit me, sir, to assure you of this, and of the sentiments of respect and affection, with which I am, &c.

(Signed,) LOUIS.

PARIS, MARCH 22, 1833.

To the foregoing letters, I might add others, not only from M. Louis, but from other gentlemen in Europe, addressed to me after my son's death. But, while I am extremely grateful for the kind sympathy they manifest toward me, and have felt assured by them, that my partiality has not led me to a very extravagant estimate of the loss I have suffered, I cannot think it necessary to add any further testimony to that which I have given above.

The period of the epidemic cholera in Paris

* See note A.

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was one of the greatest interest and of the greatest anxiety to the subject of this memoir. Until the end of the winter 1831-2, the accounts which we had received in this country of the cholera in Europe, were of the most alarming character. We knew that, arising many years previously in the hot climates of Asia, this deadly malady had passed in a northwest direction into the coldest regions of Europe, and was thence extending itself over that quarter of the globe. Why it thus spread, and whether it was propagated by contagion, many persons were ready to decide upon general principles; but precise facts, on which to form a decision, were not yet furnished. One thing was certain, that it affected great numbers, wherever it went, and proved fatal to a large proportion of those affected. Regarding my son as comparatively without friends in a foreign country, not then knowing the kind feelings already entertained for him by those most capable of taking care of him, I wrote to him urgently to fly before this plague, and even to leave Europe, should the disease invade at once France and Great Britain. Such letters, and such only had he received on this subject, when the disease appeared in Paris, on the last days of March. It had already been introduced

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into England, but had there been comparatively limited in its extension. In Paris, it extended at once to very large numbers, and assumed within one week the most terrific aspect; such as to excite within that short period the most outrageous mobs, under a belief that the poorer classes had been designedly poisoned. On the sudden outbreak of this most alarming disease, my son's mind was exercised in a distressing manner. The following extract from his letter of April 8th, which will be given in full among his letters, will describe his feelings, and give the result to which he was brought in this dilemma.

"I almost weep to write you again from Paris. It is now the first moment of my life, that I have been placed between two duties, each strong, each binding, and where my difficulty is to decide which is the most so. But I have decided, — as I know, against your wishes. God grant that circumstances may be such that you shall soon accord with me, when the time is passed. A medical man has his duties; — I am a boy in medicine; — granted. But I am like the other Americans here about me. An opportunity is offered us of studying a disease, which will probably visit our hitherto untouched coun-

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try. Were the disease about you, would you fly? You could not, for the public would look to you. You would not, for your sense of duty would prevent you. I am, in a measure, in the same condition."

The moment was a fearful one, most assuredly. The mortality in Paris rose to eight hundred a day within three weeks from the first appearance of the disease. It was in the Hotel Dieu my son first saw the victims of it in any number, and the emphatic words in which he described it were nearly the same, as were often used by others. "The disease is death," he said; "truly, at Hotel Dieu, where I have seen fifty and more in a ward, it is almost like walking through an autopsy room; in many, nothing but the act of respiration shows that life still exists. It is truly awful."

At a meeting of the Academy of Medicine, on the evening of 3d of April, cholera was the subject of discussion, and various suggestions and opinions were offered by men of sanguine characters. My son followed M. Andral on his leaving this meeting, and asked permission to visit the hospital (la Pitié,) at that hour, with the view of seeing any new cases which might have been admitted. M. Andral kindly took

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him into his cabriolet and gave him every facility. "Our conversation," says my son, "turned naturally upon the cholera, and turning to me with a certain nod of his head, which is peculiar to him, and to me very significant, for I know that it is a thinking head which nods, — 'I am deeply interested,' said he, 'my mind is totally occupied by this subject; but as yet I see nothing which is not vague; — but I shall go to work upon it, and I indulge the hope of arriving at some valuable results.' This is not his exact language, but it is the idea; — and that idea inspired me; it seemed as if he had imparted to me a new feeling; I may call it a new *besoin*, so essential have I since found and still find it to satisfy and to yield to it."

James's resolution was fixed, and he felt only an ardor to study this plague under his excellent masters at la Pitié, hoping he might make his knowledge useful in his own country, if that also should be invaded by the universal epidemic. Accordingly he devoted his whole heart and mind to this study during the month of April, only taking the precaution to lodge in a healthy part of the city, to be cautious in his diet, and to take regular exercise in the open air. He pursued the plan of his master Louis in taking

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down with minuteness and fidelity the cases, which came under his observation, and the results ascertained by dissection in the fatal cases. This labor occupied his whole time; he almost lived in the hospital. At the end of a month he took his papers to London and there arranged them. He made a copy of sixty of the most perfect of them, of which thirty were favorable and thirty fatal in their termination. From these he made the deductions which they afforded; and this required an exact analysis of each case. To this analysis he added the few reflections, which he thought to be fully authorized by the facts, but restrained himself from engaging in any speculations on the subject. This was a restraint, to which at his age he would not have submitted, had he not been fully imbued with the rigid, philosophical principles of his master Louis. At the end of May and first of June he sent to me the papers thus prepared, in two parcels. Coming by private hands I did not get them all till the first of August. After obtaining the advice of a judicious friend I determined to publish them, for my son had left it to me to do so or not. I am willing now to refer to them in support of the praise, which I have ventured to give to my own son. The

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only object of the book was to throw light on the pathology, or strictly to give the natural history of the disease and to draw such inferences as the facts afforded. On the treatment he would not venture to offer anything, except indeed that the disease had not thus far been influenced by remedies. The book was published here, when the public had begun to be tired of reading the numerous pamphlets upon it, with which the press teemed for three months. On this account it did not attract so much attention as it would have done otherwise. Besides, it promised no aid as to the treatment, in which the public were naturally and properly most interested. But, for its purpose, I might beg that it should now be compared with any other work on the same subject, which has been published anywhere. This is strong language and I should not be thus bold perhaps, if I claimed for my son all the merit of the work. I did and do give to him great credit, but the materials were gathered under the guidance of, and in part directly from his masters at la Pitié, to whom I have so often referred.

While he was engaged on this work in London he made some acquaintances there, and acquaintances of the most valuable character.

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Though he went from this country without letters to medical men in Paris, the friendship of distinguished physicians there had furnished him with a flattering introduction to medical men in London and Edinburgh. In London also he was received, almost at once, by my friend Dr Boott, on whose character, and kindness to my son I shall refrain from making the remarks, which my heart dictates. Thus was my son enabled to gain access to whatever was valuable in that city both then and in his subsequent visit in the autumn.

But it was not only by an intercourse with professional men that he was benefited. Far greater was the advantage, which was afforded to his mind and his heart, from an introduction to a select circle by the gentleman whom I have just named. In France he had studied the external world only, under the best of masters indeed, and men whose whole conduct evinced the excellence of their hearts as well as the depth of their science, and their holy devotion to truth. But in London he was refreshed by being brought into domestic society and among people of the greatest refinement, whose minds were engaged in the study and the elevation of the human character; — persons who were filled

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with philanthropy, and who took delight in fostering all the best propensities of his heart.* The hospitality of England delighted him; and for a time he became elevated almost beyond himself in the little paradise, in which he was placed. All his good and holy resolutions were strengthened, and he learned to view his profession only as the means of being useful to his fellow men.

The plan however, which he had laid out for himself, was to spend a few weeks during the summer in Edinburgh, to make a brief visit to Ireland, and to get back to London early in the autumn. Accordingly he tore himself from the delightful circle, in which it had been his privilege to be admitted as a friend, and made a circuitous journey to Edinburgh, visiting many interesting places on his way. I am tempted to give here some extracts from his letters at this period, to show, not only his readiness to avail himself of opportunities for information, but also the excellent spirit of those whom it was his happiness to meet. But enough will be found on this score in the letters which follow, under dates of June, July and August, 1832. The letter of June 30th especially, contains evidence

* See Note B.

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of the substantial hospitality, not that of the table merely, which is shown by men of science in Great Britain.

In Edinburgh, as elsewhere, he was admitted to free intercourse by the most distinguished men, and had opened to him every source of information, of which he could avail himself in so short a visit. At Glasgow he stopped only to examine the famous museum of Dr William Hunter. He walked over the highlands with a friend and fellow-student from our own city; and read, with vastly increased delight, the Lady of the Lake on the borders of *the lake* itself.

The cholera was in Edinburgh while he was there, and the treatment by saline injections was at that moment under trial. He had spent half a day at London in conversation with Dr Stevens on his peculiar opinions, physiological and pathological, those especially which had a bearing on the saline remedies; and he was much indebted to that gentleman for his polite attentions. On his journey through England he had an opportunity of learning something of the trial of these remedies. Although not sanguine in his expectations, he attended to the effects of the saline injections in Edinburgh with the most ardent desire that they might be found useful. But

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the result in his mind was the same, as I believe it has been in the minds of most of those, who made trial of this treatment of cholera in Europe and America. His letter of August 10th goes into some details on this subject, and in that and others there were many statements very interesting at the moment, but which I do not think worthy of publication at this time.

In his visit to Dublin he was confirmed in the high opinion which he had formed of the excellent spirit and high scientific attainments of its physicians. There has arisen in that city within the present century a number of talented and learned men, who have labored much to advance the science of medicine. Their labors have not been in vain, and their merit is acknowledged in all parts of the world; at least in all where the English language is spoken. My son derived great advantage from the museum of the College of Surgeons at Dublin, the value of which he thought greatly increased by a proper catalogue. He also praised very highly the excellent lying-in hospital of that city.

Returning to London at the end of August, he first indulged in the luxury of visiting the friends, from whose society he had already derived so much pleasure and so much benefit; in

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which he found his feelings and affections constantly purified and elevated. He then looked around for the means of pursuing his professional studies. He was in truth too far advanced to find any adequate advantage in devoting his hours to regular courses of elementary lectures, even though from most distinguished men. Surgery he did not meddle with; and the mode of pursuing pathological researches in the London hospitals did not seem to him at all equal to those, which he had witnessed at la Pitié. It happened that the arrangements for the winter would not permit him to hear the clinical lectures of those physicians, whom he would have been most pleased to attend. He found then those monuments of industry and science, the anatomical museums of London, to be the only objects, which in the actual state of his mind and at his stage of study, could repay him for delaying his return to Paris. He had before designed to revisit this city in the spring for a few weeks, after passing the winter in London. But he now decided that his winter could be spent most profitably in Paris. At once then he engaged in the study of the excellent museum of morbid anatomy at Guy's hospital, which owes its existence to Dr Hodgkin. This most pure and

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philanthropic physician afforded him every possible assistance. My son examined each preparation carefully, inquiring minutely into the history of the subject from whom it was derived, and taking notes as he proceeded, especially in cases where the whole history could be obtained. This study occupied him a fortnight.

He next visited the museum of John Hunter, now belonging to the Royal College of Surgeons of London. Having learned in the first year of his medical studies to venerate the name of the great author of this stupendous work, he went to it with the highest anticipations. His delight in seeing it was even greater than he had expected, and he thought that he derived great advantage as well as pleasure from his visits to it. But he saw that the advantage might have been much greater under more favorable circumstances. His remarks on this subject, or some of them, are given in his letters of September, 1832. The want of a catalogue, a want which is about to be supplied, made it impossible for him to study the preparations in a useful manner, notwithstanding the excellence of their scientific arrangement.

I ought not perhaps to omit an acknowledgment of, what he felt very strongly, the pleasure

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and profit he derived from an intercourse, in which he was indulged, with some eminent medical men in London; and I cannot omit to say that Sir Astley Cooper, one of the teachers on whom I myself attended more than thirty years before, was among them. But my son was so short a time in London that he could not acquire a very accurate knowledge of individuals there; and I do not deem it proper to quote his transient remarks on them, although these remarks were, for the most part, both respectful and accompanied by strong expressions of gratitude.

On his return to Paris, about the 20th of October, my son engaged at once under the greatest advantages in his attendance at the Hospital la Pitié. He was now well prepared for observation of the phenomena of disease in the living and the dead. In addition to what he had previously gained, he now had the advantage of having learned many of the views and opinions of the greatest living masters on the leading questions in pathology. He knew that his whole life, of such a length as he then had reason to anticipate, would be too short for the full solution of these questions, even to his own satisfaction. He knew also the inestimable

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value of the opportunities afforded him in Paris for this purpose, such as he could not look for again; a value increased tenfold by the aid and guidance of his beloved and revered master. It was at this time that M. Louis almost adopted him as a son, admitting him to the most unreserved intercourse, and affording him every possible facility in the wards under his care. There James devoted himself entirely to careful observation and the collection of facts. Not to a selection of the facts, which favored particular doctrines; but really and truly to an exact inquisition into all the facts appertaining to the cases before him. These, as far as time would permit, were all carefully noted on the spot in his daily visits; and these visits were not limited to the regular hours of the physician. By the orders of M. Louis he was admitted at all hours, and permitted to pass most of his day in the collection of his cases. Fully aware how much is lost to us in hospitals, in comparison with private practice, from not being acquainted with the families and with the personal constitutions and morbid dispositions of the patients, he endeavored to get a compensation by the most exact inquiries on these points. From the patient, or his friends who visited him, he constantly

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sought an answer to the following and similar questions, viz. Where was the patient born and when? Was he nursed at the breast of his mother, or of a stranger? What have been his occupation and his habits of life? What have been his previous diseases? Do his parents live; if not, at what age did they die; to what diseases were they and their relatives subject; and of what diseases did they die? Were they affected by palsy, asthma, or any disease of the thorax? If so, what particular symptoms did they manifest? Has the patient any children? If so, do they live and with what diseases have they been affected?

The observations thus collected were all of them such as he could himself have employed usefully, in connexion with others of a similar kind, in seeking answers to many general questions. For instance, he noticed, and, so far as I know, he first noticed the frequency with which asthma and either apoplexy, or palsy occur in the same family. To ascertain the accuracy of this observation, he inquired of all those he examined, whether asthmatic or not, if these diseases of the nervous system had occurred in their families. But, valuable as the cases he collected would have been to himself, the larger

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part of them were not such as could repay a perusal by others. Those, in which the event was fatal, and where the details were full and precise, are the most instructive to others. It is from among those principally that the cases in this book have been selected. These are not sufficiently numerous to furnish positive answers to many interesting questions. They are to be regarded as contributions to medical science; and, when they shall be taken in connexion with many similar observations, the whole being carefully analysed, they will give results of permanent value. They are printed with this view; and a peculiar encouragement to expect benefit from them is derived from circumstances, which I shall proceed to mention.

In the year 1832 there was formed in Paris a Society entitled "The Society of Medical Observation." It had for its first President M. Louis, and for its Vice Presidents MM. Chomel and Andral. Its active members were young men, who were proud to call M. Louis their master. Their object was to accumulate observations, made with the accuracy which their President had inculcated both by precept and example,* and to draw from them the inferences, which a

* See note C.

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careful comparison of them should permit. Of this society, originally very small, its members being from different countries, my son was a member at its formation. It was one of his first desires to contribute his proportion of materials to its stores; stores which must become ample if its plan is not abandoned, and which will be opened freely to all the world.

During his residence in Europe my son had a strong desire to visit Germany, fully aware of the means there to be found for increasing medical knowledge, as well as of the benefit of personal communication with those, whose lives have been devoted to science and whose minds are stored with it. Each has his own mode of viewing objects and of presenting them to the minds of others. From every one something is to be gained. But, on the other hand, if one is limited by time, his mind may suffer from the kind of dissipation which arises from visiting even rich mines of learning, into which he does not enter as a laborer. From considerations of this kind, very judiciously urged by M. Louis, my son resisted the temptation and gave himself up to observation of disease at la Pitié, as has been stated. He had fixed on the end of June, 1833, as the period when he should relinquish

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this employment, which grew more interesting every day. When July arrived he scarcely knew how to tear himself away, though he felt at the same time an eager desire to revisit his own family. Especially the idea of leaving M. Louis forever was afflicting to him in the highest degree. Never was attachment more just on the part of a pupil to a master, and never could it have been warmer, or more sincere. M. Louis gave him some beautiful articles as testimonials of his affection, and the delight, with which he subsequently regarded them, frequently made his eyes swim with tears. I cannot resist the gratification of inserting the note by which these articles were accompanied, as also my son's last letter to me from Paris.

Translation of a note from M. Louis to J. Jackson, Jr. on his leaving Paris, accompanied with a bronzed inkstand and two pieces of marble, of which one was surmounted by the famous dog of St Bernard, bearing a child on its back; to which reference is made in the note.

There is a satisfaction, though I confess it is accompanied by feelings which render it a very slight one, in leaving some token of remem-

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brance with friends from whom we are about to part; yet a satisfaction it certainly is, and for that reason, my dear friend, I beg you to permit me to enjoy it. Your thoughts would very naturally dwell at times upon your good friends in Paris; but, for my part, I choose you should have something to recall them more particularly to your recollection. I must therefore beg you to accept this inkstand, which I hope you will keep upon your study table, and these two little pieces of marble, which will serve to keep in their places the leaves upon which you will be writing the results of your researches. From these researches let nothing divert you; be constant in your pursuit three or four years and do not let the poor child whom the faithful dog is bearing to his home, speak too feelingly to your heart. Do not forget that you are to be one of the lawgivers in our art; and that, if it is our duty upon earth to use our faculties in the best possible manner and for the advantage of the greatest number, you owe yourself to observation. Your future fortune will be none the less, and the satisfaction you will derive from four years' labor will be incomparably greater. Be assured that my best wishes follow you wherever you go, that no one can more sincerely desire your

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happiness, that I fully appreciate the value of your friendship and of your esteem, and that I should be most happy to be able to give you proofs of it. Farewell, my dear friend.

(Signed,) LOUIS.

JULY 10, 1833.

PARIS, JULY 13, 1833.

MY DEAR FATHER,—

In two hours I am out of Paris. I will not attempt to describe to you the agony it gives me to quit Louis. He is my second father, and God knows that is a name I of all men cannot use lightly. I may not persuade you to look upon him with my eyes exactly as a scientific man; but in your heart he must have the share of a brother; for he almost shares my affection with you. From one, upon whom I had no claims, but those which my life and mind and habits gave me, I have experienced a care, an affection which I never could dare expect from any but my dear father, and which I shall ever feel to be the most honorable and truly worthy prize of my life. To meet with satisfaction in the eyes of such a man, and to hold a place in his heart as I do, I allow I am proud of. But,

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my dear father, I cannot write; I am sitting here, expecting to see Louis for the last time in my life, and it is only upon the occasion of quitting yourself, whom I have ever felt to be a part of me, that I have suffered as I do at present. The ties of relationship are strong, the strongest when that relationship is close and dependent; especially if it be mingled with the strongest and warmest sympathies. But one's mind's friends, the hearts that not nature, but our own characters have given us, the friend, who not father to our bodies, has yet been and is ever to be the source, fountain and direction of the dearest thoughts of our minds, that friend and that relationship is also dear. It is that friendship I must now quit, probably forever; it is that relationship that in the person I must now break, though in the mind and in the heart it can never be broken. Till now, I knew not how I loved my French master. I know well I shall rarely be called to such trials; they can occur but few times in life. Thank God, that with me, grief is as short, as it is poignant, and that in a few days nought will occupy my mind, but the anticipations of the joys of home. Once more in the arms of my beloved family, and under the wings of my dear father, and I can imagine no higher joy.

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In addition to the testimonials of M. Louis's affection above referred to, my son obtained shortly before he left Paris another memorial of him, which he valued as above all price. This was a picture, and an excellent likeness of his master, executed by Champmartin, which M. Louis very kindly consented to sit for. The emotions which my son experienced on the arrival of this picture, which was during his convalescence from his fever in December, 1833, were too strong and too deep to admit of description. From his younger friends also, James could not part without the greatest sensibility; from those especially whose home was in Europe. To one of these, M. Maunoir, of Geneva, he felt the attachment of a brother. Some, or all of these friends, perhaps, were surprised not to hear more from him after his return to this country. I therefore avail myself of this opportunity to say to them that he survived his return to us scarcely seven months; that half of that time was passed in the chamber of sickness; that, in the residue, he could not find time to respond fully to the kind expressions of affection and most friendly attentions on his return and during his first sickness, which were abundantly poured out upon him; while he had also professional objects constantly

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calling for his observation. The friends, to whom I allude, will well understand how much interested he was in the inquiry as to certain points in typhus fever in this country, in regard to tuberculous cases and many similar subjects, which had interested him and them in Paris.

Under any circumstances my son's gloomy feelings on leaving Paris would soon have subsided, although without any forgetfulness of what he had left behind. His natural cheerfulness was sufficient. But he had also the pleasures of home in view, and he had more immediately the joy of seeing his friends in London, and the prospect of crossing the Atlantic with a rare company of friends, as fellow-passengers. It may seem like romance to speak thus of his happiness in finding rare and excellent friends at every turn. Yet, if it were well to bring out the evidence, many who will read this would know that this language is quite as cool as the subject will permit.

I shall not however dwell on the high gratification he received during a few days passed in London and Liverpool, nor that which attended his voyage to this country. The ship which brought him arrived at New York on the 23d of August, 1833, with a precious freight, which

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rejoiced many hearts besides those of my family. For my household how little then seemed there occasion to apprehend the sad sufferings, to which they were soon to be called. The dangers of the sea and the risks of a long absence were over, the fearful cholera had left my son untouched, and now we embraced him as if we had a security of the happiness he was so capable and so anxious to afford us. He could indulge his heart at this moment in expressing his love for his friends with an ardor, which the cold manners of our country scarcely permit on ordinary occasions, and he was almost in a delirium of joy. But after an indulgence of this kind for two or three weeks, he felt that the serious business of life called him, and sought to renew his observations on disease.

The opportunities offered him for this purpose were ample, though not so great as those he had left in Paris. My connexion with the Massachusetts General Hospital afforded him every facility at that institution. Besides, here as everywhere, he met the kindest attentions, and he soon found that the most busy among the medical men of our city were ready to show him their important cases and to invite him to their post-mortem examinations. In this way his time

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was abundantly occupied; and in accepting the kind hospitalities of numerous friends it was more than occupied. He was constantly under too great a pressure and I was seeking how to prevent it. The temptations came day by day, and in so many instances were the results of the most friendly kindness, that to resist at once was impossible. Our autumnal fever was prevalent much more than usual, and with some uncommon severity. The opportunity to study this and to compare it with the fever of Paris, on which Louis had written so admirably, was one which he could not forego. And when he found that this disease exhibited in the living and in the dead the same characters, which his master had so accurately delineated, his ardor was increased more and more, and he put all his powers to their greatest trial. It is not surprising, in the retrospect, that he became affected with the prevailing disease. He was attacked just two months after his arrival in New York, and underwent this fever in a very severe form. Some of my sanguine brethren will ask why we did not crush the disease at once? It is in accordance with my experience certainly, that, in most instances, the early use of active remedies, of which antimonials are the most important,

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will diminish the violence of this fever, and in many cases will arrest it. But in some instances a peculiarly irritable state of the alimentary canal will not permit the use of these remedies; or, evil only will follow their use. Such was my son's case; owing in part to a stomach naturally irritable, but in part also to an intestinal disease which he had suffered abroad. Notwithstanding some active treatment at the beginning the fever took its course, and during the second and third week its result was very uncertain. It then became more mild, yet for six weeks he was unable to assume the erect position. His convalescence was not rapid, but in three months from its commencement he seemed to be in perfect health, having then been three weeks riding and walking abroad. His convalescence was not destitute of pleasure to him; on the contrary he spoke of it as a happy period; he thought it good for him to have been sick, that he should better know how to minister to others, and that his own heart would be the better. His sensibility to the kindness of his friends and the pleasure he derived from them were also increased; and we all meanwhile promised ourselves that his health would become more firm.

The time now arrived when he should apply

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for admission as a Doctor of Medicine in our University. If he had been at home he might have taken this step in August, 1831. He had now been five years and a half engaged in the study of medicine. It could not be a question whether he could pass the requisite examination. Yet he felt some anxiety, because he thought it would be shameful for him to be found deficient in any point. This examination was about the middle of February. He had seemed quite well at the end of January and beginning of February. But he now appeared less firm, and had some recurrence of a diarrhœa, which had afflicted him in France. I attributed this to the momentary anxiety he felt as to the examination, and to the deeper anxiety as to the more weighty duties which were before him; as he was soon to enter on the reponsible duties of his profession. The examination being passed, and the degree conferred, I felt desirous that he should make his arrangements at once to engage in business, hoping that he would feel a tranquillity when this was done. But I was in an error as to the cause of his difficulty. It was a physical and not a moral one. He thought his diarrhœa was no more than he had often had before. But suddenly the disease grew worse, it assumed the

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character of severe dysentery and he was entirely prostrated at once. Under this disease he suffered much and struggled hard, retaining his firmness of mind and fully aware of the uncertainty of its issue. He was severely sick about three weeks, but after the first fortnight, I regarded him as safe. The dysenteric affection was clearly subsiding, and he recovered some appetite, though still very weak. Suddenly a change occurred, of which the cause was latent; the prostration was extreme; his mind gave way, and in less than two days and a half he ceased to breathe.* In his last hours, his mind, amidst many wandering thoughts, appeared to get momentary glimpses of his real situation. He did not seem to shrink from the view, but was unable to keep it before him from failure in his physical strength. In one of these moments he said very distinctly and solemnly, "God, pardon me." That he had sins which called for this petition at all times there is no doubt. That he was deeply sensible of his own frailties and imperfections I well knew, for no son was ever more frank than he was in communications to a father. That the prayer from a heart like his, not now uttered for the first time, was freely

* See note D.

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granted, it was impossible for me to doubt. His own humble penitence was highly proper. But for me, there was no fear that he would find any thing but bliss in the new state of existence into which my mind seemed almost capable of following him; almost, of seeing his admission. It was for my own loss, for that of my household, I had to grieve. And that grief, sincere as it was, found solace from the first in the delightful recollection his life had left on my mind. These recollections have constantly hung about it, and how grateful they have been may be seen by what I have transcribed in the preceding pages.

As I have not very strictly followed the plan which I laid down, there remain to be traced more distinctly some of the features of my son's character. His cheerfulness and gaiety of heart have been before mentioned. The influence of these on the society around him was often recognised by his friends. It was heightened among those, who had become acquainted with his purity and the sincerity of his interest in others. He was described very appropriately by one, who knew him well and loved him much, as having a "morning freshness," which shed gladness

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where he went.* He never took the lead among his friends, and his influence was not manifest; of course it was not offensive, nor annoying. It was nevertheless great and extensive, so that each one was surprised at last to find that there were so many besides himself whose happiness was promoted by him. The number of friends, by whom he was admitted to intimacy, was large. The reason was that he loved men for different good qualities, and showed his interest in those he loved. He did not shut his eyes to their faults; he examined them critically, but not for purpose of reproach; he regarded those faults as misfortunes, which he should assist his friends to overcome. I suspect thas he often performed the hardest duty of friendship; he told their faults to many. If he had not done it gently and in love they would have been offended. They were not offended. His most intimate friend has told me that he exercised a salutary influence in certain cases, where friends of a sterner character were not listened to.

In the society of the young he would give himself up to sport, so that it might have been doubted whether he could think soberly; and from the warmth of his feelings it might have

* See note E.

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been argued that he could not exercise his judgment coolly. Yet he was exact and discriminating in the investigation of facts, which related to science, and rigid in his deductions from them. This union of coolness of the head with warmth of the heart is rare, and this partly explains the circumstance of his finding favor with persons of very different character.

There was something agreeable in his manners certainly, which recommended him to good men; for he quickly gained the favor of good men wherever he went. Though he had acquired sufficient polish of manner while abroad, there was not enough of it to be a peculiar recommendation. So far as his manners were agreeable then it was not from any polish; it was from their manifestation of the good feelings already described.

I cannot omit remarking here the sincere reverence for age, which he imbibed very early in life and always maintained; which, far from checking his intercourse with the aged, made him seek it, both that he might minister to their comfort, and that he might gain by their wisdom.

The principle of gratitude was very strong in him. He did not easily forget the slightest favor, and his heart was burning with affection

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toward those, who had rendered him important services. He deemed no services so great as those, by which his heart was made better; and hence arose his strong feelings toward his English friends, among whom he was placed at a moment when his heart was truly hungering for the things which could elevate and purify it.

What shall I say of his ambition? The word is an equivocal one. Or, perhaps, the question should be of what was he ambitious. I think his young friends and associates will agree that he was not anxious for honorary distinctions. He had not such a spirit of emulation as leads one to study hard, so that he may get the highest rank among his fellows. He could rejoice most sincerely in seeing his friends gain honors, while he remained unnoticed. Envy, I think, scarcely sprouted in his breast; I, who knew him well, could never see the slightest evidences of that baneful feeling. But he had the strongest ambition to be worthy the esteem and love of the wise and good. He rejoiced openly when he made any acquisition in knowledge; he thanked God reverently when he thought he had made any advance in virtue. But so far from wishing that others might be less that he might be great, he would labor to communicate to his fellows, in

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a mode, not offensive to their self-love, every acquisition he had made. He even took pains to manage this in some cases, so as not to seem to be bestowing what he was very anxious to give. He made it his aim to go as far in the branch of his profession, to which he particularly devoted himself, as any other man; and he said to me, after his return from abroad, that he *had* at some periods indulged hopes of such honors as our profession could afford; but that he had then totally renounced all such hopes and wishes for that, which he deemed of much more importance, the being truly useful to his fellow-men. As to wealth, he loved the good uses of it, but he indulged no anxiety for it; and he was not prone to such extravagance in his expenses, as made it necessary for him.

During his college life he had made some attainments in general literature; not such as to give him claims to any distinction on that score, yet enough to give him a taste for more. He hoped to have a period in which he could do more in this way. But, in the few years he devoted to professional studies, he did not feel at liberty to spare many hours to other subjects. — To politics he gave very little attention, and this only to what he could learn in conversation.

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During moments of political excitement in France and England, in 1832 and 1833, he could not avoid taking some notice of passing events; and, like all young men of ardent tempers, he sided with those who thought more of the attainment of liberty, than of the security which it requires to render it a real blessing.

I may seem to have said enough of his industry in the earlier pages of this memoir, yet I must state some of the evidences that in Europe, when left to himself, it was even greater than when under my roof. While he was abroad, with three necessary exceptions, he wrote to me by every regular packet to New York, from Havre or from Liverpool. The letters were not ordinarily short; some of the extracts which follow will prove that they were not always so. They were frequently four full sheets. These letters, with some to other persons, were so voluminous, that I have thought it right to enumerate them among the proofs of his industry. But they amount to nothing in comparison with the papers of other kinds, which occupied his pen while abroad. These were, 1st. His cases, taken at the bedside in brief notes, many of them in French, and which amount I believe to fifteen hundred pages at least, and some of these were

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copied and stated in full in the French language; 2d. Many notes from books and from conversation with distinguished persons, accompanied often by his own reflections, making not less than eight hundred pages in his common-place book; and 3d. The translation of a large portion of Andral's Clinique Medicale.

During the same period he made himself familiar with the French medical literature of the present day, studying a large number of volumes with great care. It would thus seem that no small portion of his time must have been devoted to books and writing. He however attended lectures on different subjects, but particularly and carefully two long courses by M. Andral. Yet his attendance on hospitals would seem alone to have afforded him sufficient occupation; while, except his notes of cases, the occupations above-mentioned could not have been carried on except at his lodgings. The time spent by him in hospitals while in Paris, a period of eighteen months, was not less than five hours a day, and for many months it amounted to six and seven hours a day. This time too was not spent in a holiday service; a large part of it was occupied in examining cases for himself, strictly scrutinizing their history by the interro-

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gation of patients and by examining for the physical signs of disease; and a portion of it almost every day in the autopsy room, where, on the cold and wet floors, he usually tested by his personal examination all the minute changes of structure to which disease had given rise, so as to have become perfectly familiar with the common changes of this sort, to which the human body is liable. In thus reviewing his labors it seems strange that he could find, as he did, any time for society, for exercise and for relaxation. I am almost tempted to blot out the lines I have written on this topic. My heart bleeds almost in thinking how arduous were his labors and how much more my happiness might now be, had they been much less so. I believe the statement to be quite within the truth, and it makes a part of his history; but I cannot recommend to any young man to follow his example, to its full extent, in this respect.

In the enumeration of his labors while abroad, I have omitted to notice that he had first to acquire the art of speaking the French language, which he could not do, when he first entered Paris, and for which he devoted two hours a day for some weeks, though he at once went into the hospitals and learned to talk among the sick; —

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that he gave a portion of time to the study of practical anatomy under a private teacher; that he attended to instruction on obstetrics, and connected himself with three private institutions at the same time, so as to increase his opportunities for practice in this branch; and that he devoted one whole month industriously in London to the copying and arranging his cases of cholera, which formed a book in octavo of two hundred pages; and lastly, that his whole summer in Great Britain was spent in travelling, conversing with medical men, not idle conversation, and in a critical study of their collections of preparations of comparative and morbid anatomy.

Of the professional acquirements, which were the fruits of his industry at home and abroad, I have perhaps said enough; but I am tempted to point out more particularly what those acquirements were; the more, as I think his attention was directed to the points which a medical student should principally regard.

Every thinking physician finds more and more as he gains experience, that his greatest difficulty is in what we term the diagnosis and the prognosis. He wishes to ascertain by examining his patient precisely what is his present difficulty, and what course his disease is likely to pursue.

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He wishes in short, to be acquainted with everything, which goes into the natural history of diseases. For this purpose he finds the speculations of the closet as useless as such speculations would be to a gardener, who should desire to know one plant from another and the manner of growth of each. Further, to understand the natural history of diseases, he must have a knowledge of what appertains to the living body in health; in other words, of physiology. Facts and facts only are useful to him. Close observation alone will serve his purpose. It is sometimes not until after the experience and disappointment of years, that the physician fully realizes all this; but if he is an honest and intelligent seeker for truth, he discovers it more or less clearly at last.

Impressed as I have long been with these principles, it will be supposed that I endeavored to fix them in my son's mind. He was willing to receive them and soon came under their full influence. But it was away from me that he learned how to apply them more rigorously and with the greatest benefit. This he did from M. Louis; who, I hesitate not to say, has been the most successful as well as the most rigorous, in pursuing this mode of studying dis-

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ease, of any physician in ancient or modern times.

The result was, as respects my son, that he returned to this country already possessed of uncommon skill for his age, in the examination of cases of disease and in distinguishing in each case the actual morbid affection; and also well taught in the best mode of pursuing his investigations, so as to promote the cause of true science. In the examination of the thorax by percussion and auscultation he was peculiarly well versed, as likewise with the diseases of this region of the body. He was also familiar with the various morbid changes, to which the several organs and textures are liable. When he went to France, I urged upon him the importance of getting a knowledge of the morbid changes, to which the various membranes, and particularly those of the alimentary canal, are subject. In no other place could this knowledge be obtained so perfectly. The occurrence of the cholera in that country furnished at once occasion and inducements to pursue these inquiries, as to the alimentary canal; and he did so with success. He did not overlook the morbid changes which occur in the brain and in other parts. But he seemed early to fix upon the thorax as the sub-

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ject of his particular study. He was led to this, perhaps, by my frequent remarks on the obscurity of the diseases of this great cavity in many instances, and on the large proportion of cases in which they were fatal.

He was not ignorant of the common methods of treating diseases both in this country and in Europe, though less informed as to the reputed virtues of some medicines than many others. But he considered therapeutics as a branch of medical science which he had yet to study. He was very sceptical as to the utility of many practices commonly adopted, believing that they rested on insufficient authority, and he wished to bring them to the test of experiment. He did not feel a reliance, in respect to the influence of medicine, on the experience of men, who could not tell what would be the result of a disease without the use of remedies. He was nevertheless ready to follow to a certain extent the course adopted by physicians of sound judgment, until he should have opportunities to decide by his own experience. For his scepticism there certainly is some ground in the actual state of our science; and, if either extreme must be chosen, I would advise a young physician to adopt the *expectant* mode of treatment, recom-

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mended by some physicians of France, rather than to employ on every occasion the heroic remedies of some of our countrymen. The profuse use of these remedies, and the abundant use of even mild articles in endless combinations, too often witnessed among us, cannot be too openly, nor too loudly reprobated. These errors are disgraceful to our profession. But, if that were all, one might be silent. They cause needless and often great suffering to those, who are already afflicted enough.

At the suggestion and request of one of my most judicious brethren, I shall add, that my son's influence on the profession here, in the short time he was with us, was of a very salutary description. This gentleman states that my son not only caused others, who had not yet read the works of M. Louis, to study them with care; but that he induced among the rising members of the profession in our own city the habits of thorough observation of the phenomena of disease in the living and in the dead, which he had learned from the same great pathologist. He also taught us much in respect to the physical signs of disease in the thorax, with which we were imperfectly acquainted before; at least I may say, this was true as to myself.

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Indeed I ought to say more; for he aided me very much in regard to the diagnosis of the more obscure diseases of that region, derived from the combination of the physical and rational signs. On emphysema of the lungs he threw, for me, quite a new light.

These good impressions will not be lost. Already we have with us one of his fellow students under M. Louis, who is abundantly able and will not fail to keep them alive. And others are soon to follow, who will, I am sure, carry forward the good work with the same disinterested love for science.

I have mentioned the sensibility of my son to the kindness he had experienced from his friends during his fever. I cannot close this memoir without some notice of the extent of that kindness. It was in truth so great that I never stated to him the full amount of it; waiting till he should recover more strength and be better prepared to acknowledge it. While his life was thought to be in danger, not only friends and neighbors, but those who were personally strangers to me, manifested a great interest in his welfare and the utmost readiness to afford to him and to me any assistance in their power. Every aid was proffered from the most respecta-

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ble sources; and my son had for his night-watchers, during all the critical period of his disease, the most busy and most experienced physicians of our city. So great indeed was the public sympathy on this occasion, that I could not consent to have it roused again in his last illness; and hence I represented his case to all, except my most intimate friends, in the brightest possible colors. I cannot omit to make this acknowledgment of favors which I can never repay, though its statement involves so much of egotism.

I would say something of the religious principles of my son. He began early to look at religion with real solemnity, yet without fear. At the very outset he acquired a conviction of and a confidence in the unbounded goodness of his Maker. It is from the views adopted on this fundamental point, whence issues so much light, that the religious principles of most persons take their color. He could love and did love supremely the Father of all things. He loved with fear, a fear that he himself should do wrong; but he loved also with confidence. He listened with delight to those instructions from the pulpit, which called on him to think worthily of his own nature, that he might act in accordance with it. The sublime character of our Saviour and of

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his teachings was regarded by his heart, as well as his mind, with the greatest possible respect. He viewed that character and those teachings as strong evidence of his mission from God. In regard to the external evidence he saw that it required long and careful study, which every man could not undergo. He was willing to believe that it was sufficient, on good authority, until he should be able to examine it for himself. He would not however profess to believe, as if he had already examined it. Meanwhile he entertained no fears of death; satisfied perfectly that that event would be decided by wisdom beyond his comprehension. Such, almost literally, were the sentiments which he expressed to me, shortly before the first sickness, of which I have given an account.

With such characteristics as I have attributed to my son, he seemed calculated to be highly useful in the world. I never anticipated that he would have a commanding influence in society, but I did think that he would have an agreeable and useful influence. Why he should have been permitted to go so far, to give blossoms of so fair a promise and of so sweet a flavor, and just then be cut down, it is not for us to say. It is one of those events, which show us that we

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know very little of the designs of our own being, at least while we regard this world only. I do not consider it as singular, because to me it was so afflictive; because I was disappointed of the most cherished hopes, just when I was almost ready to think my life well spent in having learned how to educate one, who could be much more useful than I had ever been. I need not look far from home to find those who suffered in like manner, almost at the same moment. The instance is not singular; and because it is not, we must infer that the end of our existence is not merely to be useful in this world; and we must be comforted by the assurance that a good life, however short, is the great blessing which alone should satisfy all our desires, as respects our children. Almost unnatural it may seem, at least against the ordinary course of nature, for a father thus to erect a monument for his son. But surely he should be solaced, if the life of his son has furnished at once the solid materials for its erection and flowers for its ornament.

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NOTES TO THE MEMOIR.

Note A.—Page 33.

It is due perhaps to M. Louis to state why his urgent advice in respect to my son's course of life was not adopted by us. I will first mention that I left my son to decide for himself, only placing before him the objections which I saw to the plan proposed by his excellent and wise friend. This I communicated to him, while abroad, desiring only that he would not decide, until after his return. It was not long after his return that he decided that he could not adopt M. Louis's plan in its full extent, but he determined to conform to it as far as he should find practicable, and I was very ready to aid him in so doing. He decided to engage in business, but to take no pains to be fully engaged in it, and thought that for several years he could be occu-

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pied principally in the course of observation, on which he had already entered.

But why could he not adopt the plan fully? Because in this country his course would have been so singular, as in a measure to separate him from other men. We are a business doing people. We are new. We have, as it were, but just landed on these uncultivated shores; there is a vast deal to be done; and he who will not be doing, must be set down as a drone. If he is a drone in appearance only and not in fact, it will require a long time to prove it so, when his character has once been fixed in the public mind.

This view of the subject is too vague, at least for those who belong to other and older countries. Let me then state the matter more definitely. Among us, where the hands are yet few in proportion to the work to be done, every young man engages as soon as he can in the business of life. The public estimation of his character is decided early in his life; earlier than in Europe. In our learned professions men certainly come forward too young in most instances. They do not ordinarily keep at work so long, nor do their work so well, as if they had made more thorough preparation for it. But, if

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an individual were to go very far in the other extreme, his reputation would be fixed, as one, who perhaps loved knowledge and knew how to acquire it; but who was not disposed to use it, and who perhaps did not know how to apply it. Most of our physicians go into business after three years of study; some, by visiting foreign schools, protract the period of study to five or six years. If now, after this longer period, one should at the present day, spend four or five years longer in the acquisition of professional knowledge, before he should begin to engage in professional business, and this in the society where he meant ultimately to be so engaged, he would be regarded as a singular being, governed by a peculiar taste; and it would probably be thought that he would never be fit for the active business of life. He might become a teacher and attract pupils, but he might find it difficult to get patients.

In Europe it would not be so; but at present my fears would be that such would be the result in this country. It should be added, that my son like most other professional men among us, necessarily looked to his own labors for his support. I should with great pleasure have supported him, while going through his four or

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five years of medical observations. But I could not give him the means of support for life, because I had not them to give. He must then, at the end of those years, have come forward as a candidate for practice, with young men who had started in life many years after him; while his former companions would be already immersed in business, and could hardly sympathize with him in any respect. He would be regarded as in a false position because he was in a singular one; and because so regarded, he would be kept there. He would come forward with the habits and feelings of a student, while his early companions would have acquired the habits of men of business. In this way he would both fail to obtain a support for himself, and fail to be useful to others. He would have acquired the habit of dependence on others, instead of that habit of dependence on one's self for support, which in this country seems almost necessary for every man. Such at least were my fears.

It was from considerations of this sort that I hesitated to encourage the plan proposed by M. Louis to my son. He himself saw the subject in the same light, and, though with reluctance, relinquished the plan. Perhaps we were both too timid. I now advert to the subject to show,

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that we did not refuse to follow the advice of his excellent friend, without a consideration of it.

Note B. — Page 41.

I am not willing to mention the names of private individuals, to whom my son had the honor of being introduced; nor to adduce evidence of the claims to much more praise than I have given, on the part of the select circle, among whom he was admitted as a friend in London. One circumstance only I shall state which may be regarded by many as such evidence, and I state this partly for the sake of a quotation from my son's letter of June 12th, which relates to this circle. It is that in this same circle, the Rajah, Ram Mohun Roy, was in the habit of visiting familiarly and unceremoniously, like an old friend. My son speaks of his introduction to this most excellent Hindoo as among the benefits which were conferred on him by one of his friends; and subsequently adds substantially as follows: "When I reflect upon the character and regard the lofty front and nobly intelligent and benevolent countenance, which, could it but be in

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the station, would almost exercise the influence of a moral sun, and read the works of Ram Mohun Roy, and then remember that I was born in an enlightened and he in an unenlightened country, I blush for my own imperfections and make resolutions for the future. A new feeling, a new passion has been awakened in me. * * It will be the object of my life, not singly, but much more than it would have been had I not seen this circle, to aid in the work to spread knowledge and happiness."

Note C.— Page 49.

P. Ch. A. Louis, physician of the Hospital de la Pitié, is a man, whose labors and whose writings must become more and more known for ages. I should deem it service enough to my brethren in this country, if I could induce them, one and all, to read and to study the works of this great pathologist. M. Louis is the founder of the numerical system, as it has been denominated, in respect to the science of medicine. It is the object of this note to state what that system is, and

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briefly to advert to the successful application of it by its founder.

How many will be ready to turn aside, when they hear of a new system. Has not system followed system, it will be asked, ever since the days of the four humors? Facts, it will be added, observations, exact observations are wanting, not systems, in order to carry forward the science of medicine. Be it so; it is the last point on which I would disagree with my reader. If, however, that reader has not had much experience on the subject, he may not be aware of the difficulty of making good observation, as regards both pathology and therapeutics, and of the caution which is requisite in making deductions. These difficulties should not deter us from adopting the right course; they should only make us study to find out what this course is. M. Louis certainly will not direct us to turn from observation to speculation.

But to remove the objection, let me say at once that M. Louis has not brought forward a new system of medicine; he has only proposed and pursued a *new method* in prosecuting the study of medicine. This is nothing else than the method of induction, the method of Bacon, so much vaunted and yet so little regarded.

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But, if so, where is the novelty? If any one, after patiently studying and practising the method proposed by M. Louis, denies the novelty of it, I will not dispute with him a moment. Perhaps he will then agree with me that it is a novelty to pursue the method of Bacon thoroughly and truly in the study of medicine; though it is not new to talk of it and to laud it.

A little history of one part of M. Louis's life will throw some light on this subject. This gentleman went abroad, and I believe had some appointment in Russia, after he had gone through the usual course of professional education. Returning to France at the age of thirtytwo, he was about to engage in private practice. He was then led to examine anew the state of the science of medicine, and was dissatisfied with it. He now decided to abandon the thoughts of practice for a time, and to devote himself to observation; that is, to the study of medicine, as it actually presents itself. With this view he went into the Hospital la Charité in Paris, and followed the practice of M. Chomel, now a physician at the Hotel Dieu and Professor of Clinical Medicine, and highly esteemed as an author. M. Louis passed nearly seven years in studying medicine in this way. The first part of this time

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he was learning how to make observations. When he thought he had attained this art, he threw away, as I have understood, the notes he had already collected, and began anew to accumulate exact observations of the phenomena presented by the sick and of those derived from an examination after death in the fatal cases. In this course of observation he did not make a selection of cases, but took them as they were presented, indiscriminately. He was not in a hurry to make deductions from his cases, satisfied that he was gathering the materials, from which truth must ultimately be elicited. He was only careful that his observations should be correct, and had not any general principles or doctrines, for which he sought support, or confirmation.

To estimate the value of his observations, it is necessary to understand the plan, on which he collected them. First, then, he ascertained when the patient under his examination began to be diseased. Not satisfied with vague answers he went back to the period, when the patient enjoyed his usual health; and he also endeavored to learn whether that usual health had been firm, or in any respect infirm. He noted also the age, occupation, residence, and manner of

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living of the patient; likewise any accidents which had occurred, and which might have influenced the disease then affecting him. He ascertained also, as much as possible, the diseases which had occurred in the family of his patient. Secondly, he inquired into the present disease, ascertaining not only what symptoms had marked its commencement, but those which had been subsequently developed and the order of their occurrence; and recording those, which might not seem to be connected with the principal disease, as well as those which were so connected; also, measuring the degree or violence of each symptom with as much accuracy as the case would admit. Thirdly, he noted the actual phenomena present at his examination, depending for this not only on the statement of the patient, but on his own senses, his eyes, his ears and his hands. Under this and the preceding head he was not satisfied with noting the functions, in which the patient complained of disorder, but examined carefully as to all the functions, recording their state as being healthy or otherwise and even noticing the absence of symptoms, which might bear on the diagnosis. Thus all secondary diseases, and those which accidentally co-existed with the principal malady, were brought under

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his view. Fourthly, he continued to watch his patient from day to day, carefully recording all the changes which occurred in him till his restoration to health, or his decease. Fifthly, in the fatal cases he exercised the same scrupulous care in examining the dead, as he had in regard to the living subject. Prepared by a minute acquaintance with anatomy, and familiar with the changes wrought by disease, he looked not only at the parts where the principal disorder was manifested, but at all the organs. His notes did not state opinions, but facts. He recorded in regard to each part, which was not quite healthy in its appearance, the changes in color, consistence, firmness, thickness, &c.; not contenting himself with saying that a part was inflamed, or was cancerous, or with the use of any general, but indefinite terms.

Without presuming that I have described in the most exact manner the course pursued by M. Louis, I have said enough to make his plan inelligible to men of sagacity. Others have taken down cases in like manner. In the first volume of the "Transactions of a Society for the Improvement of Medical and Chirurgical Knowledge," published 1793, there is a paper by Dr Fordyce, entitled, "An attempt to improve the

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evidence of medicine." In this paper Dr Fordyce recommends the careful collection of cases, as the only foundation for the improvement which he wished to see. Dr Fordyce goes into many details, and gives two cases in a tabular form by way of illustration, and states that he has many cases collected upon this plan. In his plan some matters are insisted upon more than by M. Louis perhaps; others less. But Dr Fordyce does not insist upon the examination after death, a most important part of the plan adopted by M. Louis. If however the attempt proposed had been followed by vigorous efforts, most important benefits would have resulted from it. Many no doubt thought of doing it. I myself thought seriously of it more than thirty years ago, and had blanks printed for my cases according to the plan of Fordyce. But the difficulties attending the plan in private practice discouraged me too soon. So far as I have known, M. Louis is the only physician who has devoted himself for years together, at a mature age and after a sufficient education, to simple observation, without the distraction of medical practice, and without having any share in the treatment of the cases under his observation.

It was only when he had accumulated a great

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mass of cases, that M. Louis began to deduce from them any general principles. He then arranged the facts he had collected in a tabular form, so as to facilitate a comparison of them. How much labor this required will be in some measure conceived, when I state that, while going through one class of his observations, those, I believe, which relate to acute diseases, he retired to a distance from Paris and occupied ten months in making out his tables. This statement is, I believe, substantially, if not precisely correct.

Let the reader conceive of these tables drawn out with accuracy, having columns devoted, with proper discrimination, to each function and to its various derangements, as manifested during life, and to each organ and its lesions as ascertained after death; let him then go to these tables and inquire, under what circumstances certain signs of disease arise, and with what pathological changes in the dead body they are found to correspond; let him ask under what circumstances certain morbid changes of structure occur, and with what symptoms they are found to be connected; he may find the answers and he may obtain them numerically. That is, he may learn in how many cases out of a hundred of any particular disease he will find a certain derange-

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ment of a particular function, or a certain change in structure of a particular organ ; and he may also learn how often the same things may be noticed in other diseases, with which that under consideration may be compared. * * *

The experience of one man is necessarily limited, and more extensive researches may give results different from those at which M. Louis has arrived. But I am disposed to think that the difference will not be material in many instances. His observations were made only in the hospitals of Paris. Other observations made in different climates and among persons of different habits, will probably discover differences of some kind, and perhaps some which are material. But in most respects, since the works of M. Louis have been known to me, I have found his observations confirmed by my experience here; and indeed in many respects they accord with my own previous observations, being, however, more precise than mine had been. * * * *

I am not, however, engaged in reviewing the works of M. Louis. I have not guarded myself in all points in stating his observations. I wish to induce others to read his books, and they will then see the prudent caution, with which he offers all general remarks, and the scrupulous

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care which he exercises in making his deductions. He studies nature with a full faith in the uniformity of her laws, and in the certainty that truth may be ascertained by diligent labor. It is truth only he loves; not anxious to build up a system, nor pretending to explain everything, he says to his pupils, Such and such have been my observations; you can observe as well as I, if you will study the art of observation, and if you will come to it with an honest mind, and be faithful in noting all which you discover, and not merely the things which are interesting at the moment, or those which support a favorite dogma; I state to you the laws of nature as they appear to me; if true, your observations will confirm them; if not true, they will refute them; I shall be content if only the truth be ascertained.

I wish to add that M. Louis has inspired a gallant band with his spirit. They have combined to form the Society of Medical Observation at Paris; M. Louis is their President and MM. Chomel and Andral are the Vice-Presidents. They meet to report their observations and to be corrected by each other and by their president when their observations are inaccurate or deficient, or when their inferences are broader than

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their premises. The members are selected without reference to their country; they are from different nations; they are scattered, and will in succession be scattered over the world; and all, who carry with them the true spirit, must contribute to the advancement of real science. Men who devote themselves thoroughly to labor in whatever department, must be felt and known in society. Let the members of this society go on and throw the fruits of their labor into a common stock, and they must all of them be enriched, and all around them be enriched at the same time. * * * * *

I venerate M. Louis greatly. As the heir of my son I love him most sincerely. But it is not with the vain hope, nor even with the desire to promote his fame by my feeble commendations, that I have written this note. I regard it as certain that his fame, and what he will regard much more, the truths which he has discovered, will be extended and will live for ages. My sole expectationis to lead some, who might otherwise be ignorant of them, among my brethren of the present day, to study works which I esteem as among the most valuable certainly, if not the most valuable, which any age has furnished us in regard to medicine. Unlike the systems,

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which are always spoken of in the history of medicine, as successively rising with splendor and falling into oblivion, the principles published by the founder of the numerical system are not an artificial network, where the cutting of one thread may cause the whole to drop away; these principles may be added to, they may be enlarged, limited and modified, and yet the system may be maintained; and it will still derive its support from the first labors devoted to its erection as much as from the last. If, for instance, M. Louis has observed a certain symptom, such as the enlargement in the region of the spleen, to be present in fortyfive out of fifty cases of typhus; the exceptions will be ten per cent. Should subsequent observers find, that in a hundred and fifty cases there have been twenty exceptions, it will then appear that these in the two hundred amount to twelve and a half per cent. As far as I know, there are very few of M. Louis's numerical inferences, which have hitherto required to be modified so much as in the instance here supposed, since the publication of his great works; although ten years have now elapsed since that on phthisis and six years since that on typhus was published; and although he himself has continued, during this period, to

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devote a great portion of his time to the collection of new observations. Were it otherwise, however, it would be glory enough for one man to have led the way into the true path, and to have inspired others with the courage to follow him. I repeat the idea; — it is the spirit of bold and hardy enterprise, which is the glory of M. Louis.

I must add a few remarks on another point. It is objected by some to the labors of M. Louis and of others of the French pathologists, that they labor indeed with ardor on the subject of diagnosis, that the study with they zeal of entomologists to discriminate minute changes of structure in the various textures of the human body, but they do nothing to advance the proper business of the physician, the art of healing. Their therapeutics are decried, as showing an ignorance of what has been thought certain in England and in this country; and they themselves are regarded even as indifferent to this branch of science. Can this objection need a reply? I have long been satisfied, for thirty years I have been satisfied, that the physicians of Paris were laying the firmest foundation for the science of therapeutics, by studying the natural history of diseases; and by thus giving us

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rules for diagnosis and prognosis. The course they have pursued has not always been the most satisfactory, and one at least among them has gone over to the dogmatic philosophers, though he has tried to disguise his desertion of the true course. But the course they have pursued has led honest spirits to be more and more exact in their observations, until now, when one has arisen, who has vigorously undertaken all the toils, to which the method previously adopted would rightly lead them. Let them proceed in the same spirit, aided, but without any spirit of rivalry, by the pathologists of other countries; let us all learn what may be looked for, when art does not interfere in the diseases of the human body; that is, let us study the rules of prognosis which are only inferences from the natural history of diseases; then we shall be prepared to study therapeutics. Let M. Louis, or men like him, test the effect of remedies in the same spirit, with which he has pursued his pathological researches. Having determined the average duration, fatality, &c., of typhus, for example, by an observation of a sufficient number of cases through a series of years, such cases not having been actively treated, let him then employ in the same disease the different remedies which

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have been thought useful. One physician extols the advantages of bleeding; another commends antimonials employed on the first days of the disease, in emetic doses, and for a few days afterwards in doses just short of nauseating; another contends that cinchona is the best antidote to the deadly tendencies of this malady. Let each mode of treatment have its fair trial; and let the results be compared with each other, and with similar cases, treated at the same time upon the expectant method.

This is substantially the mode, in which questions in therapeutics are beginning to be treated in Paris. So, no doubt, they have been treated elsewhere. But it is in proportion as we arrive at precision, in respect to the natural history of diseases, that this mode will be pursued with the greatest advantage. It is because we are approaching to that precision that I think it scarcely rash to predict, that in fifty years the art of healing will be grounded on many exact rules, which we and our predecessors have not known. These rules will not be brought forward as derived from grand principles of physiology, or pathology; they must be deduced from the aggregate of careful, faithful observations of individual facts, made by men of enlightened minds. A love of

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truth, an unflinching love of truth is the first requisite in those, who engage in this holy calling. * * * *

Note E.—Page 63.

The quotation, to which this note is appended, was from an obituary notice published in the Boston Daily Advertiser and Patriot, of March 29th, 1835. It was understood to be written by a class-mate of my son's, one of his most intimate and dearest friends, and a man of whose friendship any one may be proud. My quotation from this article was made from memory, and was not literally correct, but I leave it as it is. On submitting the memoir in manuscript to the supervision of a friend, just when it was going to the press, he begged me to insert this article in a note. I wanted no persuasion to add a testimonial, and an offering of pure friendship, so grateful to my own feelings.

From the Daily Advertiser and Patriot.

Died, in this city, on Thursday, Dr James Jackson, Jr., aged 24.

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There are circumstances which give this event prominence, even among the severest afflictions with which it is the plan of God's Providence to try us in the world. A few months ago, Dr Jackson returned from Europe, where he had been engaged more than two years in the diligent study of his profession. The praise of his uncommon attainments and his ardent devotion to medical science, had already reached us from across the sea. He was welcomed home by the wide circle of his kindred and friends whose warmest expectations he satisfied. There was nothing in him which they wished to alter; and they had everything to anticipate from his success in that benevolent province of duty, to which from childhood he had wished to dedicate his life, and to which he now brought with him such rich accomplishments and resources.

He had scarcely ceased receiving congratulations on his return to his native land, or had time to take the steps preparatory to commencing practice as a physician, before he was called off from his pursuits, and laid prostrate by disease. The hearts of those, in whom he had excited just pride and eager hope, were now agitated with all the alternations of feeling, with which we wait the issue of a malignant and insidious

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disorder. At length they were relieved from the load of fear, by his apparently complete restoration to health. He came back to us as one recalled from the gates of the grave, and we felt grateful that our prayers in his behalf had been answered. We little thought for how short a space he was spared to us; how soon the treasure, we had taken anew into our keeping, was to be required at our hands.

He applied himself after his recovery, with unabated earnestness, to the science and art to which his whole soul was wedded; and it did not fail to strike some of us, who visited him during his convalescence, with astonishment, to see how quickly and tenaciously his mind resumed its grasp of its darling subject. The degree of Doctor of Medicine was conferred on him in the month of February, and it was but a day or two after he had publicly entered on the practice of his profession, that he was seized with the disorder which proved rapidly fatal to him.

In the death of this young man, a thousand expectations are shattered. We have no right to use the language of private and exclusive sorrow. He belonged to the public, to whom he had already given pledges of rare eminence in his profession; and to the troops of friends whom

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he had bound to him by the charm of his pure and enthusiastic character. Indeed, he was so well known to this community, where he had a sort of hereditary claim to men's affections, that we feel restrained from any attempt to draw the character of our friend. He does not need our inadequate eulogy. Short as was his life, it has left imprinted on our memories, with perfect distinctness, the beautiful traits of mind and temper, which made him the favorite of all who saw him. To his near and intimate acquaintance, his death seems like withdrawing part of the general light which fell on their daily walk. For, not only was he one among those whom they chiefly loved and trusted; the ornament of their social circle; one whose idea never came to them, but they felt more respect for themselves that they enjoyed his confidence; — but he had in him so large a soul; a spirit of such morning freshness; an interest so unexhausted in whatsoever was good and true, in manners, opinions, persons, that, in losing him, our whole connexion with society, our whole delight in living, seems to be loosened and impaired.

We hardly dare intrude, even in our thoughts, on the sacredness of the bereaved home. What

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sorrow is like their sorrow, who mourn the separation from such a son, and such a brother?

> "Where is Timarchus gone?
> His father's arms were round him,
> And when he breathed his life away,
> The joy of Youth had crowned him.
> Old man, thou wilt not forget
> Thy lost one, when thine eye
> Gazes on the glowing cheek
> Of Hope and Piety."

Thus early has the shadow of the dark valley settled down over the human prospects of him, who seemed to be the child of a prosperous fortune. Thus hastily has he gone away to converse with what is spiritual and eternal. It is well with *him*. But *we* who had promised ourselves many years to rejoice in his friendship, and to witness the harvest of true honor he should reap in the large field of his usefulness, *we*, who stand sadly looking into his sepulchre, what is to console and cheer us? God forbid we should distrust His infinite love! No: we lay in the earth the dust of our friend, full of gratitude for all that he was in himself, and for all the happiness and virtue to which he ministered, like a good angel, in others. He has gone while the dew of his youth was on him; we

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shall no more see his face, nor hear the sincere eloquence of his voice. But the beauty of his life, and the sweetness of his memory are ours. And ours too is the faith in the immortality of the soul; the assurance that the parting is not forever; that we shall again greet our brother in the blessed employments and inseparable union of Heaven!

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EXTRACTS

FROM

LETTERS FROM JAMES JACKSON, JR.

TO HIS FATHER.

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EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

It will readily be understood that in letters written in such entire confidence, as the following manifestly were, there must have been many things improper for the public eye, and many of temporary and personal interest only. Hence, there is scarcely one entire letter in the following collection; and hence, I have omitted to print many, which might be interesting to some minds. Wherever individuals are mentioned, unless such as may be called public men, I have suppressed the passages; and, from the connexion, the whole letters have in some instances been suppressed. This has not been because such individuals have not been mentioned favorably; on the contrary, in most cases I remarked that my son avoided speaking of those, whom he could not praise, unless from peculiar and rare circumstances.

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It may be thought more necessary, perhaps, for me to apologise for printing so many, than for not printing more of these letters. I can only say that I have admitted none, which I did not believe would interest some of my son's friends. It cannot be supposed that each one of them will be interested in all the letters.

The ardor, the impetuosity and the freshness of youth, will be sufficiently obvious to the cool and dispassionate, in these letters. They were written by a young man, principally in his twenty-second and twenty-third year. It will not, I think, be by persons of experience and reflection, that these qualities will be regarded with the least charity; or, if by any such, they will be those who are not fathers. If I am wrong on this point, I fear not but that I shall be readily excused.

I wish to add that these letters are published as they were written, obviously not for the press, with the exception of the few verbal corrections, which such compositions must always require. I have avoided these even, when not absolutely necessary.

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PARIS, OCTOBER 28, 1831.

MY DEAR FATHER, —

I feel almost disposed to cover a sheet or two in enumerating the difficulties of auscultation. If Laennec has added an important aid to our insufficient means of exploring diseases of the chest, he has, at the same time, rendered the study of those diseases more difficult, more laborious I would say, to the learner. Perhaps we may better say, in other words, that this great observer has so far extended our knowledge upon this subject, by his accurate distinctions, that the labor, requisite to obtain all that is known, is much greater than it has hitherto been. I have just returned from the Hôpital des Enfans, where I have been experiencing the difficulties and the uncertainties of auscultation. I have been employed for nearly an hour in examining two children, in both of whom there is some reason to suspect the existence of tubercles. In both, the chest resounds well on percussion on each side; in both, there is one side where the respiration is natural, strong, *vesicular*; in both, upon the other side, is an absence, or at least a great deficiency of the vesicular respiration; while, together with a mucous and perhaps a crepitous râle in some points, there is also what seemed to me

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and my friend, the *interne*, the bronchial respiration. But if this last supposition be true, the diseased lung must be in each case, in a great measure, either hepatized or very full of tubercles. If this were the case, we should certainly expect to find a great difference in the sound of the two sides by percussion, whereas, the difference, if there be any, is very slight. I have not mentioned all the circumstances of these cases; I shall keep notes of them after future examinations, and should I ever know their end, you shall hear of it. You see there is no doubt which is the diseased side in either case; the difficulty is to pronounce upon the exact seat and nature of the disease. By the by, one of the cases is complicated with the contraction of the side to a very considerable degree, though the child dates his disease to six weeks only, has not had the ordinary symptoms of pleurisy, and says he has been well from his infancy. This last, I should doubt. I have mentioned these cases in order to introduce the subject of bronchial respiration. I was not at all aware, or rather I was not fully aware, of the very important distinction between this and vesicular respiration, before I left home. I knew the distinction from description; I had once or twice

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recognised it; I knew generally what was indicated by it; but I was not by any means aware in how many cases it was to be heard, and under what circumstances it was to be sought. It has been pointed out to me here much oftener than I expected. First, I heard it last summer in several cases in Andral's ward, during the second stage of pneumonia; and from him I learned to distinguish it from vesicular respiration. I remember well one case, in which he said you will hear upon the right side the bronchial respiration at the same time with the vesicular, and on the other the bronchial alone. I listened, and could make this distinction; was confident of it. The difference consisted in a slow expansion of the vesicles by the air in the one, and an absence of this in the other. From that moment I thought myself master of it. Unhappily, I was deceived; and I have often had melancholy occasion to find that my knowledge is not yet perfect on this point. I have since had frequent occasion to hear this bronchial respiration, and to distinguish it with great confidence from the vesicular. At this moment there are two patients in Louis's ward at la Pitié, where I feel confident of making the full distinction. There is also a child at the Hôpital des

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Enfans, in whom the difference between the two, in the whole extent of each chest, is most decided. Another has just left, in whom I thought the distinction also sure; but, unhappily, besides these there are other cases, like the two which I have related, which are very doubtful. Next to the bed in which is placed the child, where the distinction is so marked, lies another, in whom I feel almost sure of a bronchial respiration on one side, and yet I am distrustful of myself. Let me remark, *en passant*, one important point of difference between the two cases; the first is chronic, breathes slowly in comparison, although the whole right lung is *hors de combat;* while the other is acute, its respiration is immensely rapid, seventy while awake and ninety while asleep. This rapid respiration greatly increases the difficulty of auscultation, especially on this one point, with children; because, where the respiration is thus rapid, the air hardly reaches the vesicles, or rather their expansion is so momentaneous, as hardly to be distinguishable from the sound of the air passing through the bronchia; so that the respiration in the healthy lung comes greatly to resemble that in the hepatized. I speak on this subject, because it is one which has interested me much. Andral in his lecture-room

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and by his book, has turned my attention very strongly to it. As I tell you, I have occasionally found very great satisfaction from it; at other times, I have been almost in despair; but I say to myself daily, "listen for that slow, full expansion of the vesicles, which ought to exist in a sound lung, and strive to distinguish it from the mere passage of the air into the bronchia." I am convinced that this is one of the most important distinctions that can be made by the stethoscope.

The knowledge to be gained by the auscultation of infants is much greater than I had supposed. There are certain points of great difficulty like that I have mentioned; but as to others, on the contrary, there is a great facility. The crepitous râle I think, is more easily distinguishable in them, than in adults; they are examined with greater ease and more profit upon the dorsal region; and the immediate is much more easily practised, than the mediate auscultation with them. For my part, I can never henceforth examine a child under disease without bringing to my aid this means. By the by, you would be much surprised, my dear father, to see how much more the immediate auscultation is used here, than the mediate. There is one other

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point, we are too apt to neglect at the Massachusetts General Hospital; it is the examination of the dorsal region. The French examine the back more than the front; we do the contrary; both err, but they the least.

PARIS, NOVEMBER 28, 1831.

I am still following at la Pitié. I have made two or three efforts to follow Chomel at Hotel Dieu; — but it is impossible to do so with advantage. One may hear the clinique to be sure, and a very good one too; but he cannot see the patients. This, especially in my present situation, is the most important by far. My great object is to accustom my ears to stethoscopic sounds; in order to this I must see the patients. The visit at Hotel Dieu is commenced an hour and a half before clear daylight, by candle-light, indeed; — there are from two to three hundred pupils in the wards at the same time, and one is fortunate if he sees four patients, and examines one in the course of the visit. Whereas, the visit is made at la Pitié by daylight; there are not more than fifteen students, and I call it a

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black day, in which I have not examined as many as six patients at least, who present stethoscopic phenomena : — ordinarily I examine as many as ten. Besides, as I have told you before, Louis gives a little clinique at each bed. You see that I do right in giving the preference to la Pitié. I think I am becoming daily more able to distinguish the signs which indicate commencing phthisis. They are not one but many.

PARIS, DECEMBER 1, 1831.

* * * Are not these cases replete with interest? Will you not forgive your pupil for daring to write his master such a letter? It is only from the fulness of the heart, that the mouth speaketh. But good by, my dear father, for the present. I am daily, hourly expecting to hear from you ; it is fifteen or sixteen days since I have had any letters. I hope for a clinique ; — but as far as I see, you get more cliniques than I, from our correspondence. Unfortunately such is the fashion of the present day. Our talkers and writers are those who want experience, the unlearned; whereas, those who are able to speak wisely, are silent.

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PARIS, DECEMBER 14, 1821.

I have been lately much interested in diseases of the brain. Cruveilhier excited me upon the subject. I have since read an excellent work by Rostan, on the ramollissement of the brain; and am now reading, with very great pleasure, a most learned and talented work by Lallemand of Montpellier, upon diseases of the same organ. This last is truly a master-work. The author differs from Rostan as to ramollissement. I have read the arguments of both and am inclined to agree with Rostan. I find that Andral, in his Anatomical Pathology, does the same. There is still another standard author upon diseases of the brain, — Bouillaud, whom I intend to read next. That, with Andral's promised volume upon the brain, which will probably appear shortly, and which I look for impatiently, will give me a pretty good knowledge of what the French have learned upon the subject. But, happily, I am not left solely to books. We have now some very interesting cases of cerebral disease in Louis's wards; — one has particularly engaged my attention within a day or two.

A young man, headache for some days; considerable febrile excitement; eyes quite sensible

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to light, and ears to sound; face flushed, countenance very serious, almost melancholy;—intelligence perfect, but answers short, as though disturbed by the effort to speak; no trouble in chest, none, or but very slight, in alimentary canal;—no local symptoms then, but those of cerebral affection, and those slight;—still, hot skin and excited pulse, which must be accounted for. On the whole, the probabilities were in favor of an inflammation of the brain, or membranes. He was twice bled and is much better; but the sensibility to light still continues. This does not seem to be an extraordinary case upon paper,—and yet to a mere hospital observer, it is so;—because it shows him the disease in its very forming stage, which is in every disease by far the most interesting, the most important, and the most worthy of close attention and study. It is from this circumstance that I have been much interested in it.

Is it not deplorable, my dear father, that our science is yet so impotent, as to the means it affords us to discover the *first* morbid changes, be they of function, or structure; which last is indeed but a continued change of function, or rather a result of that change? Is it not deplorable that we are obliged to rest satisfied with

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the discovery of the existence of an aneurism, or a schirrous pylorus, or of tubercles in the lungs, or some tumor in the brain, only at a time when they are so far advanced as to be beyond our aid? Have not the public a right to demand something more of us than this? But there are limits set to the advancement of our knowledge by nature herself. She will not always indicate by appreciable signs her commencing disordered actions. Have we yet reached these limits; and is there not a portion of cases, in which appreciable signs do really exist, did we but know how to seize them? Has not this subject been too much neglected, my dear father? Have we not too many books devoted to the nice diagnosis of advanced disease, inevitably fatal; and too few upon that of commencing disease, which may be stopped in its progress? It is the most difficult, and yet surely the most important of all the subjects, to which the medical observer can turn his attention. I do not forget that the diagnosis of an advanced disease, a cancerous pylorus, for example, is useful; that we are better able to give proper advice to our patient, than if we did not know that such a disease existed; — but, surely, it would be far better if we could be apprised of the first disorder of the vessels

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engaged in this morbid process. I know well we can never become perfect in this respect; — yet I cannot but hope that the time will come, when we shall be far in advance of our present knowledge. At present, the discovery of even far-advanced disease, which is soon to destroy life, is often beyond our power.

My mind has been turned to this subject for a day or two from reflecting upon two cases, now in our wards; — one, that I have just related, of commencing cephalitis discovered at its debut, in which life was saved by active treatment; and a second, of aneurism of the thoracic aorta, which is but lately discovered and will shortly prove fatal; — an exceedingly interesting case.

PARIS, FEBRUARY 16, 1832.

"Laennec has rendered a great service to science by his description of emphysema of the lungs," said Louis, yesterday evening; and I may add, Louis has rendered me a great, a very great service, by teaching me the characters of this disease, during life and after. His two last lessons upon this subject were invaluable. I did

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not know the disease when I left you, except in the pages of Laennec. I now know that it is common, and that a knowledge of it is very important. Shall I give you the proof that it is common? I have seen at least ten cases within six weeks; and I speak of those only, which I have myself examined either before or after death. Shall I prove to you that an acquaintance with this disease is practically useful? I can do it in more ways than one; but I choose to illustrate its utility by telling you of a false diagnosis of my own.

Yesterday morning I examined by auscultation a young man, with whose history I was not acquainted, without having first practised percussion in a careful manner. He is emaciated and coughs; this was all I knew of him, and, in truth, my examination was made very much *en passant*. I found the respiration much more feeble under the left clavicle than the right, and suspected at once the existence of tubercles. Having requested one of my friends to examine him, he came to the same result, and in the evening we mentioned to Louis our suspicions that the subject was tuberculous. He said he did not believe it. On careful examination we found that the percussion was more sonorous under

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the left clavicle than the right, but at the same time the murmur of respiration was much feebler under this left clavicle, as it was indeed over the whole extent in front, where the sound on percussion was still quite sonorous. We now saw our mistake and immediately recognised an emphysema. On inquiring into the history of the case, we found that it accorded with this last supposition, but not with that of a tuberculous affection. Here would have been a very grave error in the diagnosis, on my part; and the lesson was a very useful one. I cannot doubt that many a case of emphysema has and will be mistaken for phthisis by those, who are but partially acquainted with the science of auscultation; — unless they are so well acquainted with the natural history of phthisis, so as to be able in a great measure to supply thereby their deficiencies in the "musical science." I asked Louis whether he had often seen emphysema mistaken for phthisis; — he answered, very frequently.

* * * But I have almost forgotten to tell you of a case, which shows me of what use auscultation and percussion are to be to me in practice.

I observed, a few days since, that one of my young friends here looked rather unwell, rather

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more so in fact than is common from a slight catarrh, which was all he complained of. I told him, I should come and see him at night, and went accordingly. We laughed and talked for some time, he appearing pretty well. On my questioning him, I found he had a little pain on the right side on coughing and on full inspiration. He thought nothing of it, however, and said he had nothing but a slight bronchitis. I examined his chest not expecting to find anything, so slight were the local and general symptoms. On the right back, however, I found evidence, by percussion and auscultation, of a considerable pleuritic effusion. I bled him freely; he has recovered and the fluid absorbed. I mention the case to you, because it is the first time that I have been obliged to practise upon the evidence of auscultation, in an acute case; and because cases of this sort cannot be too often cited, so frequent, so latent and so important are they. How many thousands of pleurisies pass unnoticed. Not so in Louis's wards, however; and thanks to him, not so many will escape me, as would have, without his example and instructions. In the present case, perhaps, indeed, almost certainly, this young man would have recovered without any treatment. But, if the disease had not been discov-

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ered, it would probably have been aggravated, as he would have continued his dissections in a cold room, and in other ways have exposed himself; and the inflammation might then have extended from the serous to the cellular tissue.

Feb. 17. How unhappily imperfect are our histories of even the most common diseases! How often have exceptional cases been mistaken for ordinary ones! What false descriptions have authors given us of pleurisy and pericarditis, for example; taking for the type of those diseases a few rare cases, which were attended with very positive and striking symptoms, and overlooking the vastly more common cases, in which these symptoms are far less marked and sometimes entirely absent! I have been especially struck with this in pericarditis; — and what have been the causes of this error? Perhaps chiefly two; — first, owing to an insufficient examination, *a large majority* of cases are overlooked during life. This you know to be literally true in the case of pleurisy, and I believe it to be so in pericarditis. I often think of your recital of the case of pericarditis in a certain cook, since I have attended to this subject; and when you have received one of my letters of about a month since, I do not doubt you will

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remind me of it. Second, because practitioners have not been in the habit of *counting* their cases, preferring to trust to their memories and what is called general observation. Louis is the father of the numerical system, and will at some time publish to the world the tables containing the results of his practice. There can be none more valuable for diseases of the chest, at least; for he is the most exact in his investigations and diagnosis of any living man.

* * * "But," says the practical physician, "this is all nonsense; why trouble yourself about a disease, which nature will cure without your help, as she will all, or almost all those cases of undiscovered pleurisy, and pericarditis too?" The practical man here forgets what should be the first principle of every good practitioner in medicine, or morals; — to treat disease successfully, we must attack it at the commencement; and many of these cases, which begin with such latent symptoms, and which are, in very truth, of themselves comparatively unimportant, become very severe and fatal from a neglect of even hygienic rules. A man continues to expose himself while affected with a latent attack of pleurisy, and in a week he may have an extensive pneumonia which shall destroy him. But, again, the

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man who enters into the field of pathology with his eyes open, and does not love truth for truth's sake in his scientific researches, may possibly be a *moral* man, though I should almost doubt it; at any rate, he will make a *very poor practitioner*. I must indeed work for my bread, but, in working, if you take from me the interest which search after pathological truth inspires, I can no longer work well.

PARIS, FEBRUARY 27, 1832.

* * * The truth is Louis is a remarkable man, and his system of pursuing medical science a most excellent one. There are without doubt many questions that cannot be resolved by counting; but to draw a description of the natural history of diseases, you cannot proceed without it. What is the chance that such a disease will prove fatal? How often does such a symptom occur? What part of an organ is most often affected in a certain disease? How often is such and such a lesion found after death, when such and such symptoms have preceded? These are all questions of immense importance, and they

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can be decided in no other way than by an accurate observation *of all the cases* which occur, and a *counting* of them with respect to each point. You state that pneumonia occurs oftener on the right than on the left, that it affects the lower oftener than the upper lobes; suppose some one chooses to doubt it, and demands of you what is the proportion, in order that he may know whether your knowledge be exact. You have made no table; you can only tell him such is your general experience. General experience has for this once told you the truth; but it would be much more satisfactory for your student, if you could give him the result in numbers deduced from exact observation. And, in fact, what is this general experience; it is the result of an enumeration of the cases, seen by an individual, in his own memory. But how much better would this enumeration have been made on paper; for who can tell that from some peculiar circumstance or association, one class of cases may not have excited his attention, and, therefore, left a more permanent impression than another; — so that a greater number of these first would enter into the calculations of the memory than of the last. Had medicine been studied for one hundred years, as Louis now studies it,

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our knowledge of the natural history of disease would be placed upon an infinitely more certain basis; and diagnosis, and prognosis, and consequently therapeutics vastly more advanced. On my return I will prove to you the advantages of this system. Inspired with this belief, viz. that the only way to place our knowledge of disease upon a true basis, is to make rigorous observations, and to *count* them under their various bearings and relations, — a set of young men, who have for a long time followed Louis, (and some of whom I know, or believe to be the most intelligent of the French students, my colaborators, of whom I wrote yesterday,) intend forming a society, whose main purpose is to make exact observations over the whole world, as far as may be: and from these, properly arranged and submitted to the numerical method, to arrive in the course of years at certain and fixed laws. Those who have followed Louis, the father of this method, are alone to become members; and of those I trust only a select corps; for the majority are not fit to make accurate pathological investigations. As yet, I am the only American who knows of their plans, and I certainly shall with great pleasure become a member, promising in all honesty to elicit from our public institutions

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whatever is in my power. I shall love to work for such a society, because it will be useful not only to myself, but to all: and again, by so doing I shall keep up an acquaintance with these Europeans who will be the most distinguished in medicine during my day. Say nothing of this as yet, for it is not made public,—I shall write you as soon as the society is organized and explain in full its objects, &c. It is to me a new spur to study; — for I am now *learning how to observe.*

PARIS, MARCH 1, 1832.

* * * You write so warmly of Hodgkin's museum and Hunter's, as to excite in me a strong desire to enjoy these promised pleasures. But I shall not hurry while Louis calls me to listen to his interesting clinique, in which he gives us the thread, whereby to walk through the labyrinth of pulmonic disease; and while he deigns to teach me in a more familiar manner in his wards. Neither do I feel inclined to tear myself from the eloquent course of Andral, of which I have as yet taken most copious notes; nor to forego the delight of his clinique, which will commence in May.

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PARIS, MARCH 20, 1832.

* * * You see I am getting to make nice distinctions in auscultation, perhaps you will think, too much so. But I assure you, you cannot at all judge of my knowledge of this subject now by what it was when I left you. Louis chooses for us the most delicate cases; — makes us examine and report to him the result, without telling us his opinion, and even without allowing us to learn anything of the history of the case, lest we should be prejudiced. I am exceedingly happy to add that it very rarely happens that we differ in opinion from this master of his science.

I feel confident that our "Society of Medical Observation" will be a useful one, and am sorry that I cannot pass one year in sharing its labors under the direction of Louis. The object, as you know, is the *exact observation* of diseases, and from the cases afforded, to deduce what general facts may be rigorously deduced.

The numerical method, *without care*, may lead into error; — but, first, it must lead to a vast deal of good; — and second, as for the care to avoid those errors consequent on an omission of a full consideration of all the circumstances, if any man will, and does secure himself, it is Louis, the father of the system. His wards are the

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only ones I have ever seen, except your own, where the facts were all truly, fairly and scrupulously noted; and on one branch he *necessarily* surpasses you, viz. morbid anatomy; for in our country it is impossible to follow this subject with such freedom, owing to the prejudices existing among us; and at our hospital our cases are necessarily imperfect, as we do not retain our chronic cases, as they do here, till death.

* * * There are two or three young men whom I should be proud to see in Boston, especially Maunoir and Lacaze. They are young men whom I shall always remember with pleasure and respect.

March 29. — Little did I think, my dear father, when I began this letter, that I should be obliged to close it with such unwelcome news. The cholera is in Paris; — or, to say the least, it is generally believed to be so both by the public and by physicians; and I fear the evidence is too strong to deny it. Of facts, I as yet know very little; — I have heard and read in the journals of several (from ten to fifteen) cases at Hotel Dieu and in this city. I have conversed with those, who have seen some of these patients during life, and with others who have been present at some of the autopsies of those, who have died.

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* * * I believe the case to be cholera, from the suddenness of the death, the history of the symptoms, and the coincidence of several similar cases in other parts of the city. I know well that it admits of question, but cannot here discuss it.

Shall I leave Paris because the cholera is here? If I do, where shall I go? These are my two important questions. And I can answer neither as yet. Surely, in the present state of affairs, I should regard it as very useless to leave the city, for I do not feel that I am in danger. Should circumstances change, I shall act accordingly. The disease has left Edinburgh, and should it prevail here to such a degree that Andral and Louis think me exposed to real danger, I will leave. In the mean time, all the students see the disease, and, though I shall not run much after it, my curiosity is excited, and probably I shall see it. I am in full health, have no fears, will lead the most simple and hygienic life, and be assured I will be prudent. Were you on the spot, you would not regard my situation as in any way dangerous; — of this, I am sure. — Should my motions, or any other circumstance require it, I shall write you a duplicate by the Liverpool Packet of the 8th. But I beg and

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pray of you not to allow yourself a moment's anxiety. I will be prudent, and there is not one chance in five thousand that I shall suffer by the disease.

PARIS, APRIL 1, 1832.

MY DEAR FATHER, —

I lament to tell you that the cholera which was yet a little doubtful when I last wrote, (three days since,) is now reigning in Paris; and I must add to a frightful degree. You will learn details from the journals. To this moment there are at least three hundred cases, and a full half already dead. But you are anxious for me; — you suffer because I still remain here; — perhaps you even reproach me with an undue inattention to the rights and feelings of my family. A word upon this subject. 1st. What is my actual danger? I do not deny that the first blow is very strong, in truth frightfully so. But who are the subjects affected? Up to this moment *exclusively* the lower classes. I have inquired of many physicians and among them of those whose practice is extensive; — they have not

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seen a man in easy circumstances affected; — the journals say the same. Thus as yet my danger is very slight, though living in the midst of disease? But again, why should I stay in Paris? In the first place, the disease came upon us so suddenly that we had no time to leave. On Wednesday I first heard of its existence, and already, Sunday, there are three hundred patients. We could not have left the first day, for we were not yet assured; and now what are my circumstances? I am here with perhaps thirty American students, and of them all, I may say with truth, my mind has not been the least occupied with medicine for some years. We are in a city where we may see a disease of the most frightful nature, — which will, in all probability, soon reach our own dear country. We are bound as men and physicians to stay and see this disease; — as a physician you know it and feel it; — as a father you dread it. For myself, I confess I should be unwilling to return to America, and not have at least made an effort to learn the nature and the best treatment of this destroyer of life. I feel bound to remain with the rest; — for no one thinks, as yet, of leaving. As yet the probability is that it will continue and even increase; — but this is not sure. Should it

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thus continue, I probably shall not stay here more than one or two weeks; I shall have seen enough of the disease, and if it reigns as now, all clinical instruction will continue to be, as it actually is, interrupted. Wherefore then stay longer? But we may hope that a little calm will soon follow, and that this severe debut will be followed by a rapid march and prompt termination. If so, all my instruction will be continued; I need not lose the remainder of my lessons from Louis, &c. As it is, then, though there is some danger, it is very slight. I shall therefore stay. Again, feeling it to be a duty, and really having my mind greatly interested and excited, I do and shall see the disease. But should the danger become truly great, I shall leave at once for Scotland; and should the disease so continue that, after a fortnight, I cannot recommence my ordinary studies, I shall likewise leave the city. In the meantime I shall today engage lodgings with my two Philadelphia friends, on the other side of the river, in the most healthy part of Paris, where the disease has not yet appeared; — I shall live simply, sleep and rise early, and in every way pursue the most strict hygienic rules.

Thus much for myself, and I hope you are satisfied. I forgot to notice that I am in perfect

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health, and that, although my mind is necessarily excited, yet I have neither fear nor anxiety.

Now, for the disease; — one word; — it is death. Truly, at Hotel Dieu, where I have seen fifty and more in a ward, it is almost like walking through an autopsy room; — in many nothing but the act of respiration shows that life still exists. It is truly awful. — As for treatment, nothing is yet decided. I cannot find that any of the thousand different modes essayed is in truth very powerful; — and certainly, whatever be their potency, the effect is almost null. The physicians are in a state of the greatest incertitude, not knowing which way to turn. I cannot pretend to give you any detailed account of symptoms or treatment.

I can only say that the disease is in truth almost a conversion instantaneously from life to death.

In my next, by Liverpool on the 8th, you shall receive something more precise. — My head is now, as one may say, montèe, and I haste for the estafette.

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PARIS, APRIL 8, 1832.

MY DEAR FATHER, —

I almost weep to write you again from Paris. It is now the first moment of my life that I have been placed between two duties, each strong, each binding, and where my great difficulty is to decide which is the most so. But I have decided, as I know, against your wishes. God grant that circumstances may be such that you shall soon accord with me, when the time is passed. A medical man has duties; — I am a boy in medicine; — granted; — but I am like the other Americans here about me. An opportunity is offered us to study a disease, which will probably visit our hitherto untouched country. Were the disease about you, would you fly? You could not, for the public would look to you; — you would not, for your sense of duty would prevent you. I am in a measure in the same condition. From a week's accurate, patient, laborious study of the disease, before and after death, as to its nature and the effect of treatment upon it, I am now assured that there is much to be learned and much that is therapeutically important. I doubt whether our profession will ever be able to divest it of its greatest horrors: — this I do not hope for; — for I see no ground

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for such hope. But I do believe that an exact study of the latter part of this disease, after the reaction is established, and observation of the effects of treatment upon it, may lead to much that is useful. Persuaded of this as I am, I feel it a duty thus to study. If I can be the means of directing the attention of our physicians to certain points, an attention to which will enable them to save one in twenty of those affected, and that one would have died without it, — what is my duty? to stay and study. As an individual I do not hesitate thus to answer; — but when I remember you, my dear father, I tremble that I have thus answered.

I am with Andral. During five days we have had eleven very exact autopsies; with which, with the whole history of the cases, besides numerous others, some dead, some living, now to die, some in fact dying now around me, (for I write in the ward of la Pitié,) some I am happy to add in a fair way to recovery, I will acquaint you hereafter. But I will write no details now; — I purposely avoid them.

I will but add two circumstances which shall, or ought to serve to diminish your anxiety. — 1st. As yet, although the disease increases in a truly awful manner, there are but few cases in the upper classes.

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2d. Of those affected with the disease, there are very few of my age, or near it. I must have seen five hundred patients, at least, and of those not ten under thirty. I cannot indeed recall five; — and not one have I seen in the dissecting-room.

The only young man under Andral's care now lies in the bed behind me, convalescent. Yet, there is some danger; it is in vain to deny it; but it is not great. And I am happy to add that, since the appearance of the cholera, I have been in a little more perfect health than before, though that had seemed impossible. Most of my friends have had a little diarrhœa, or cramps, &c.; I not any. Not one of my acquaintance has been seriously sick. I live as usual, but with excessive care. I work harder than ever in my life before. A month hence, I will send you the results on paper; — but it will be a year before I can show you the full results; for I am learning more on the pathology of mucous membranes (intestinal and gastric) than ever before. But of this by and by. I have determined to send you no details as yet; — but I keep a daily record for you, which will be long, and probably, unless the disease becomes such, that I esteem myself in essential danger, I shall send you one hundred

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detailed observations, (of which I have already thirty,) and forty or fifty of the most thorough and accurate autopsies that you ever read. From these, when collected, I propose to draw what conclusions I can as to the nature and treatment of the disease, in making a nice analysis and synthesis of all the circumstances. I flatter myself that I can do this in such a manner as will be truly useful. I shall do it in England, taking my papers with me, and devoting my first one or two weeks there to this work. I would prefer vastly to have sent you one of the half dozen sheets I have written this day; but it has been my determination to avoid advancing an idea till all is done. Not a single fact has yet occurred to show that the disease is contagious; — not a physician, nor interne, nor student of the hospital has been affected. A week or two, my dear father, and you will hear from me in England.

HAVRE, APRIL 25, 1832.

On my way to London, as you see, my dear father, and perhaps will wonder why; surely, when I last wrote you, I expected to stay in Paris

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a fortnight longer. I have left because the cholera has almost ceased, not because it had increased in severity. I have left for want of cases to study. In very truth during the last three days, in a service of fifty beds under Louis, we had not a single new case of any severity; and he advised me as I was beginning to suffer from fatigue, (for never in my life have I worked so laboriously,) to leave, contented with the sixty or seventy cases and more than thirty autopsies. In London, as you know, the disease is about extinct, (seven cases a day). In Paris it still exists; I saw cases and deaths till the very last moment, but much fewer and much less severe. You have no conception of the mortality; and allow me, your son and pupil, to say to my father and master, you have no conception of the disease, and will not have, till you have seen it. The Frenchmen even, who look upon death and dying with as much sang froid as any people, were thrown off their balance. Never shall I forget Louis's altered face and aspect for the first week; — emaciated, wan, wretched, like one who had received a blow from which he had not recovered. There are few men living so familiar with death, or the dead.

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LIVERPOOL, JUNE 30, 1832.

MY DEAR FATHER, —

I received last night with great pleasure yours of May 19th—25th. The last releases me from all apprehension as to your judgment upon my stay in Paris. I rejoice that you view it as I do. A word on cholera, and then I will dismiss it. Not a day passes, that I do not picture to myself the possibility of its actual or future existence on our own side of the Atlantic. Of course I keep myself always ready to see if there be any truth in the reports of the new modes of treatment of it. In London, as I told you, I saw a few cases with Dr Stevens, but none of them were at all satisfactory, for various reasons which you shall have in detail in your own study, or in mine, by-and-by. In passing through Yorkshire, where the disease is prevailing, I inquired, whenever I had an opportunity, of the success of the saline injections. At York I was enabled to visit the cholera-hospital, and saw three or four patients, among whom was a boy aged seven or eight, who had been thus treated and was convalescent. How bad his case had been, I know not. They assured me it was very severe; but I have seen so many mistakes upon this head, that I feel inclined to question the authority of

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those who have not seen more than fifteen or twenty cases, when I know that, even after an accurate study of hundreds, the prognosis, or, in other words, the estimation of the real severity of a case, is very difficult. Be that as it may, I am anxious and willing to hope that this boy recovered through the agency of the saline treatment. I next saw a young woman, aged twenty-two, who had been three times injected, and whose case was accurately detailed; whereby it was clearly shown that she was pulseless, that blood could not be obtained at the debut, and, from the notes, I cannot doubt that it was a severe case. Well, what was her present state? You shall hear. They thought she would pretty certainly recover; — I would bet ten guineas she is dead at this moment. Face flushed; skin everywhere hot; lips and tongue getting dry and brown; respiration much embarrassed; a sort of fainting or sighing; pulse one hundred and twenty, hard; some disposition to drowsiness, fell asleep while we talked to her; respiratory murmur loud and vesicular in front; could not be raised to examine her behind, where I suspect we should have found crepitous râle. Compare this, if you will, with the cases of two women under Andral, infirmières of the hospital, in St

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Rosaire, Nos. 20 and 22; their result leads me to anticipate death here.*

Again, in Leeds, I inquired if this treatment had succeeded, and was answered in the negative. My conclusion, so far as I am able to form one, is, that this injection undoubtedly produces a temporary excitement, but that, as yet, we have no proof that it arrests the disease. It does not strike at the cause; and how can we suppose that it should? This chemical rage enrages me. I shall see medical gentlemen here tomorrow, and learn what has been their experience. You shall have it by the next packet.

* * * I have been nearly a fortnight reaching this place on my way to Edinburgh, and I would that every fortnight of my life had been as well employed. At Oxford we staid three days to see the great men collected together at the British Association, in imitation of the German Society of Naturalists. Of this, more by-and-by. Thence, through Leamington, Warwick, Kenilworth, &c., to Birmingham, in each of which places I saw and learned much that was new to me. Through Derbyshire, Derby,

* The reference here is to the writer's "Cases of Cholera in Paris," which he had sent me a month before this letter.

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Matlock, Chatsworth, Castleton into Yorkshire, Sheffield. Here S. and I parted, much to our mutual regret. He is a fine fellow. I went to York, and to give you an idea of the hospitality which I everywhere experience, I will draw a little sketch of my Yorkshire expedition.

Arrived at the capital of this rich and extensive county, I called on Mr K. with Mr W.'s letter. He and his wife received me with kindness; I spent the evening and breakfasted with them the next day. He pointed out to me all that was interesting to a stranger, and introduced me to Mr Phillips, the curator of their Museum. This gentleman gave me what I may call a lecture of nearly an hour upon the outlines of geology, of which they have a very fine cabinet, so arranged as to speak itself of the beauty and order of the system; and, I assure you, I would travel over twice the distance for the sake of gaining the clear view which this gentleman gave me of this interesting subject. I felt quite indebted to him; he has raised a new cabinet in my mind, and so raised it, that whatever accident throws in my way, I may easily attach there. Not satisfied with this politeness, he gave me a letter to the curator at Leeds, Mr Hey, grandson of the celebrated Hey. Here I added to my

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knowledge, which was so newly acquired, and was treated by this gentleman more like an old friend, whom he was glad to see again, than as an entire stranger. Had you seen us together, and listened to our conversation the next day, you would not have supposed our acquaintance of only twenty-four hours' date. While walking with this gentleman, he happened accidentally to mention the name of Dr Teale, as a friend of his. I at once asked if it was the neuralgia Dr Teale. He said, yes, and I begged to see him. He asked him to tea with us; we had an hour or two of free pathological conversation. Dr Teale promised to show me some interesting cases and morbid specimens, if I would stay and dine with him the next day. Though anxious to get on, I consented; and glad am I that I did. Dr Teale invited two medical gentlemen to meet me, brother professors in their new college in Leeds, and I spent from four to eleven P. M. most agreeably in their society. I have not talked so much pathology for a long time. Dr Teale is a very sensible, enthusiastic man; not inclined to theory; apparently a good and vigorous observer; industrious and well informed; weighs and values well his evidence before he admits truth; in fine, a man in whom I should

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place confidence. You see I passed a pleasant evening. * * * I do not regret passing through Leeds; my mind worked three days' worth, while there. I learned some new things and had a great, general review of much pathological ground. We walked fast, turned into many pleasant lanes and bye-paths, and midnight came before I suspected it.

All this from Mr W.'s letter to Mr K. Thus it is in England; and Dr Teale begged me to come again. How boundless is their hospitality.

Of my papers on cholera; of course I am anxious to know if you will publish them. You will see that I had to restrain a strong desire to enter more fully into the pathology of the disease But I am young; and what I have condemned in others who are older, would have been doubly guilty in myself.

Mr F. calls, and I must close to go out with him. Hospitality again, hospitality! Quel peuple; je vante que nous sommes d'Angleterre. J'aime ce pays, comme notre mère, d'ou vient notre bonheur. Good bye, my dear father.

Your son, J. J.

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EDINBURGH, JULY 10, 1832.

MY DEAR FATHER, —

If you are not heartily tired of cholera, I must beg you to read what I have seen in this city. I was informed on my arrival, that the disease had re-appeared here, and with increased force; yet twenty cases a day is the outside. On the following morning, Dr Alison introduced me to the Cholera Hospital, when I recognised the old and familiar, but appalling features of the monster, I had so much observed in Paris. The most interesting object of inquiry was, of course, as to the success of the saline injection; — and the following is, in few words, the sum of information I have been able to obtain.

It is derived from several physicians of rank here, and three or four young men.

1. They employ this remedy only in the bad cases, viz. when the system is prostrated; pulseless, blue, cold, &c.; collapse.

2. In such cases the effect is to produce excitement of the circulation, &c.

3. After this excitement is produced, it is sometimes of short duration, and recourse is had a second or third time to the injection.

4. This excitement is sometimes followed by a second collapse, during which the patients die.

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5. It is again, and not unfrequently, from their statements I should say very often, followed by too great a re-action, and the cases close with cerebral symptoms and death, unless venesection, leeches, &c. prove successful.

6. The effect of this injection seems to be, not to cure the disease of itself, for, first, a majority of those injected die; second, those who have survived, most, if not all, have taken calomel and opium in full doses; third, the cerebral affection just noticed, almost always or very often succeeds the injection and proves fatal, if it be not immediately overcome by antiphlogistic treatment.

7. So far as the injection is proved to be useful, it seems to be by producing reaction, and thus allowing time for the employment of alteratives; or bringing on the stage of excitement, which, though very dangerous, is sometimes to be overcome by antiphlogistic treatment. This last, which is the result of the observation of these gentlemen, coincides exactly with the opinion I expressed to you in a letter from Liverpool. Each of these gentlemen assured me, that he did not doubt having seen a *few* cases recover under this treatment, followed, as I have before said, by antiphlogistics and alteratives, which would have

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proved fatal without the injection; because then the last could not have been employed.

8. The injection employed is composed as follows: ℞. Sodæ Muriat. ʒ ij, Sodæ Bicarbonat. ℈ ij, Aquæ octant: v, — misce. This is used at the temperature of 112° — 115°; — its heat is preserved during the operation, by allowing the vessel containing it to stand in another containing hot water. The injection has been continued until the object was obtained; viz. return of pulse, warmth and natural color. The operation is performed with a small syringe, and quite slowly; for example, ten or fifteen minutes, to five or eight pounds.

9. After the injection, the following is given, varying pro re natâ: ℞. Hydr. Submur. gr. iv, Op. gr. i, — misce, every two hours. I am not sure as to quantities and times, but the object is to salivate as quickly as possible, and for this purpose mercurial frictions are added. I have said nothing of vapor baths, hot cloths, &c., which of course, in some form, are constantly employed.

10. After all this, they watch for reaction, and at the first symptom of excess, bleed locally or generally.

11. One woman is well, and now about, who had some time since fifty-one pounds of saline

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fluid injected, besides a solution of quinine and morphia. There were, of course, several injections in this case.

Thus I have given you, in a hurried manner, (for my time is much engaged,) what I believe to be the essentials of what I could obtain from these gentlemen. Yet once more.

12. Dr G. insisted very strongly upon the great temporary relief to suffering, even if the cases afterwards proved fatal; saying, he should deem himself culpable for neglecting it, even if this were the only ground. I shall next give you what I myself have seen, continuing a daily report till I send my letter.

[Here follows the records of three cases treated by injections, which are omitted, as not interesting at the present day.]

July 12. — * * I dined today with Dr S—, he tells me has used the injection in eight successive cases; they all were fatal. Dr C. says he has seen it tried a good deal, but is by no means sure of having seen it once successful.

The truth is, that its immediate effects are so striking, and there is often in cholera such a false convalescence, that it is really very difficult to prevent one's mind from receiving an impression in favor of this remedy. We see the patient

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revive; good pulse, good countenance; everything promises well for twenty-four or forty-eight hours, and then death soon follows. I have already seen three cases in Edinburgh, which were regarded as nearly convalescent, or quite safe; — one of them is dead, and I am almost confident, from present appearances, the other two will die. I forgot to mention the testimony of another gentleman, with whom I have conversed, against the injection; — Dr B.; as also Dr T., by whose learning and familiarity with medical literature, *late* and old, in such an elderly gentleman, I have been as much surprised as entertained and instructed.

* * * Let me suggest one measure to be adopted in our own dear city in case the disease reaches it; and we have reports that it is already at Quebec, though God forbid it be true. Let each of our physicians take a certain part of the town under his charge; — let it be his duty, not only to visit all the poor when they are sick, but *twice a day*, while the disease remains; let him call at each house, and inquire if any be sick, i. e., have lost their appetite, have diarrhœa, or any premonitory symptoms; in this way you will get at the disease early among the poor. For the rich, there is no danger; they will call you

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from your beds often enough, with false alarms and vain fears. If you wait for the poor to come to you, it will be too late; you must, therefore go to them; and the labor will not be great, when divided among so many. I know of no means so likely to lessen the mortality.

DUBLIN, AUGUST 19, 1832.

MY DEAR FATHER, —

I would to God I knew how it is with you at this moment. When awake, I do not allow myself to think much of cholera in America, and never to fancy that my friends can be touched by it; — but in sleep, it occurs in my dreams, and they are such as sometimes alarm me. I must await the end. I have not received any letters from you for some time; — as I have been wandering and uncertain, I directed them to be detained at London, after I left Edinburgh, and this circumstance will hurry me back to London. I am already repaid for coming to this city, by a few hours' study yesterday at the museum of pathological anatomy, at the college of surgeons. I have added to the stores of my knowledge,

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memory and note-books upon this subject. It is my intention, so to have seen everything in the *morbid way*, that you cannot find me at fault on the most close examination. I have already seen much, that from books I had longed for, and only regret that you are not at my side, that we might burn together, as we looked upon the riches of the science we love. Do not imagine that I am going to allow myself to become a mere pathological anatomist, instead of a pathologist in the more liberal sense of the word. Remember, though I now write mainly of specimens, preparations and paintings, that from Paris I wrote much of symptomatology, aye, and studied it much, too. That I do not much expect in England; — it is almost impossible. I may see practice, you will say; I will, but I expect fully, very often to be much in doubt as to the nature of the case, in which the practice is exercised.

I was very much delighted with the Giant's Causeway, of which I would give you a description, but that in print you will find so many superior to anything I can give you. The counties of Antrim, Downe, Derry, &c., in the north of Ireland, through which I rode, are beautifully cultivated; and in them are some of the neatest, best built villages I have ever seen, inhab-

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ited by people whose dress, countenance and whole aspect, indicate comfort and prosperity. The mud hovel is there scarcely to be seen. Indeed, to my eye, these little towns are superior, most decidedly to most of those I passed through in Scotland, either north of Edinburgh, or west of it. Such an appearance of prosperity and comfort in Ireland, was to me as surprising as it was grateful; for I don't forget my Tracy blood; — but I am told, that at the south it is quite different; and if I can possibly get three or four days, I shall ride through it to see for myself. I am here struck, as I was in Switzerland, with the difference between the protestant and catholic counties; — the first prosperous, the last wretched; in the first, rich fields and good roads, indicating that time was precious and well-spent also; — the last uncultivated, or poorly so, with bad roads; a token of the very opposite. I cannot forget having made the same remarks some years since, when travelling from New England into catholic Canada.

The anatomical department at the College Surgical Museum, is so arranged here, and with so excellent a catalogue, that with a little study I may fix some very important general principles, illustrated by preparations on the subject of com-

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parative anatomy of the internal organs. I shall devote as much time as possible to this, after I have finished the morbid anatomy: — every specimen of which I examine, taking a note of all that is new or peculiar.

The finest institution I have yet seen in Europe, is the Lying-in-Hospital in this city; — it is very extensive, extremely neat and comfortable, almost vying with the Massachusetts General Hospital; and I should imagine more truly useful than almost any other, as affording certain and positive relief to sufferings, which, uncomplicated with cold and hardship, are sufficiently severe. I trust we shall soon have a similar institution. I shall endeavor to procure what I can of the regulations and reports of this, so far as they have been published. The citizens, especially the professional men, are extremely, and very justly proud of this, their favorite establishment.

As to cholera, the experience of the gentlemen I have conversed with here is the same as elsewhere, viz. that art is vain against it. I have seen one new thing upon this subject; — a patient of Mr Cusack's, in whom mortification of half of both feet followed the disease. He has seen a second case of the same. They have suf-

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fered here most sadly, but the cases are now reduced to six or eight a day. * * *

Aug. 21. Still in Dublin, my dear father; neither do I regret it. I have picked up a good deal at the museum, — having examined each specimen of morbid anatomy; and a fine collection it is, though there are defects.

The collection of comparative anatomy of the internal organs is so admirably arranged, catalogued, described and labelled, that I cannot resist the opportunity to study the subject by means of it, and with text book in hand, am now employed in examining with care these specimens. My thoughts are now on tongues and stomachs, instead of diseased hearts, &c. I can learn more from this than from J. Hunter's even, because there is neither catalogue nor label, there. — Again, this will prepare more for the other.

London, September 14, 1832.

I have today finished my study of the museum at Guy's, which has cost me many hours. It is certainly the finest I have seen in Europe,

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and does great honor to Dr Hodgkin; who, by the by, is one of the deepest men in reading and observation that I have seen. * * *

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 22, 1832.

MY DEAR FATHER, —

I received a few days since yours of August 20, — Cholera had just commenced; — *slowly;* — how has it been since? I anxiously await the arrival of papers to inform me. It is useless to speculate upon it; I cannot but hope and believe that the precautions and general character of the Bostonians (than whom I have seen no people at home or abroad, more marked for solidity of judgment and good common sense) will prevent it from being excessively severe. * * *

* * * My purposed occupation for the week, the examination of Hunter's museum, has been interrupted by a most melancholy accident. * *

It is truly grievous that there is no catalogue of this superb collection, — I would give more for one during the next fortnight than for any book I know of. — I can understand the general plan, and many of the individual specimens; —

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the more from having studied as I did at Dublin. The more, too, I could have said, had I studied as I ought to have done at the Garden of Plants. And when I can understand the peculiar object of an individual specimen, it is so beautiful and so demonstrative, so speaks of its great Designer, that I am only the more vexed that the greater part are as a dead letter. You can judge of the immense disadvantages under which I must study it, and the comparatively little knowledge I can obtain from it, when I describe to you in what manner a catalogue is now being made by Mr Owen. He has devoted himself to this task for the last year and a half, and really his zeal and industry are quite proverbial.

Well, in this year and a half he has advanced about four hundred specimens; just about beginning with the organs of digestion now. In order to this, he tells me he has already dissected more than two hundred species of animals. His only resources are a very meagre catalogue of Hunter's, which is so mingled with a false and pretended one by —— as to render its authority very doubtful. When he does not know a specimen, therefore, he begins to dissect all the animals from which he has reason, from his previous knowledge or reading, to suspect that it was

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taken. He tells me he has sometimes dissected thirty animals to ascertain a single specimen. By so doing he is constantly adding to the riches of the museum; but the fact that this is necessary will show you how lamentably limited must be the advantages I can enjoy in this study. Yet, as I tell you, I find myself able to recognise many things, which would have been a perfect secret to me, but for my study at Dublin. Again, that study teaches me how vastly superior is this museum of Hunter's, though much less useful to the student from the want of a catalogue. * * *

* * * I have just come from Bartholomew's hospital, where I have seen Lawrence, Earle, &c., and the museum, which is small, but neat and instructive, — mostly devoted to surgical diseases. In it is a specimen of diseased lung, similar to one at Guy's, in which emphysema exists to a very marked degree, with tubercles.

I think I wrote you of a puzzling case in Louis's ward last spring, where I could not come to a diagnosis of anything but a combination of these two affections. These two specimens have been very interesting to me, as proving the coincidence of the two things, and rendering the diagnosis probable.

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LONDON, SEPTEMBER 28, 1822.

Would you were here, my dear father, to enjoy with me the study of John Hunter's works, and to kindle with me in my admiration of his genius; the elevation and extent of which I know not even now; nor does any man living, though my conceptions of his vast and comprehensive mind have been greatly elevated within the last fortnight. His museum is intelligible to no one in its full extent. The materials there collected and arranged, are often indicative of peculiar ideas, which are lost to the world for want of their great interpreter. This is especially true as I suspect, upon the subject of generation, on which the museum is peculiarly rich in the number and variety of its preparations. Digestion, respiration and generation have been the most interesting departments to me; and beautiful indeed is the endless variety of means to obtain these several ends, varying as they always do in accordance with the nature and circumstances of the individual cases. The collection at Dublin, on the subject of circulation, is even better than that of Hunter's, so that I did not meet with so much that was new to me on that score. While visiting the museum, I have been reading those valuable papers in Hunter's work on the animal

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economy, which Dr Hodgkin, among his numerous other kindnesses, procured for me. Will you believe it, in London, the theatre of this great man's life, I found considerable difficulty in procuring this work. * * *

* * * Sept. 29. Let me give you an account of some new ideas of Dr Carswell's upon the seat of tubercles, which he has been unfolding and illustrating to me this morning. I am anxious to keep his arguments in mind, and cannot do better than write them you; — the present exercise will impress them upon my mind, and the sheet will serve me for notes at my return.

London, October 1, 1832.

* * * I dined with Dr M. Hall, and was indebted to him for one of the grandest spectacles that human eye can behold. I witnessed the circulation in the web of a frog, under a microscope of one hundred magnifying power. — I know not whether you have ever seen this or not; if not, you have no conception of its beauty. With what ideas does it fill the mind! — the whole animal world thus teeming with life and

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motion, and this motion in the most defined and regular vessels, and regulated by unvarying laws. The artery is distinct, constantly dividing into smaller arteries, until it is at last separated into two capillary vessels. These are always of the same size, and thus differ from the arteries in this respect. They run in every direction and at last terminate in veins, between which and themselves, as to form and size, there is again the same distinction. In the second place, the blood is seen to move with different velocities in each of these three order of vessels. As it courses its way along the artery, rapid as lightning, you cannot distinguish the globules; these become quite apparent in the capillaries, and yet more so, *I think*, in the veins; at any rate, you see them very distinctly in these two last series of vessels, whereas, in the arteries, they succeed each other so rapidly, as to form a continued line to the eye. It is a most glorious sight, and most ennobling to see the blood thus actively pursuing its course till it reaches the great and common reservoir, the capillaries; there delaying its progress in order that the formative vessels may make what use of it they will; and then slowly making its way back to the organs, where it is to be replenished with what it has lost, or give up

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what it has acquired. When the web was wet with alcohol, and inflammation had commenced, the capillary circulation stopped entirely after a while; the blood was stagnant in these vessels, while it continued to flow in the others. Upon this, (which is a phenomenon I know to be true, for I saw it,) Dr Hall forms an hypothesis concerning inflammation.

PARIS, NOVEMBER 1, 1832.

* * * The glory of the week has been Andral's introductory lecture on diseases of the brain. It was the most eloquent I ever heard, one speech of Mr Webster's and a sermon or two of Dr Channing's excepted. I could scarcely restrain myself, it was so grand and beautiful. What powers of mind and vastness of comprehension has this man! What gave me peculiar pleasure also, he declared boldly and freely for the numerical method, saying, it was the only mode of advancing the science of pathology.

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PARIS, NOVEMBER 13, 1833.

* * * What Louis has given us is positive, and it is a matter of astonishment to see to what beautiful and unexpected results his mode of studying has led him. Will you have an example, now before my eyes? I could give many, but will limit myself to the following. One of his *laws*, drawn from the study of his facts, is, that in the *adult* subject whenever tubercles exist in any part of the body, they of necessity exist also in the lungs. A second *law* is, that every chronic peritonitis, chronic from its debut, is tuberculous; i. e. he has never seen one that was not so. Ergo, if one discovers by symptoms, during life, a chronic peritonitis, one may be sure that the patient is tuberculous, and that he has a tuberculous affection of the lungs; and he may safely diagnosticate this, although there may be no symptoms whatever of pulmonary disease. I must have written you last year of one case, in which I saw him make the diagnosis correctly. A second is now in the ward, of which I will give you the details on my return, as I have taken the observation at Louis's request. To me the case is interesting in another view, as being one of those, of which I wrote you in my last, where I had observed the form of bronchial expiration then alluded to.

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PARIS, NOVEMBER 24, 1832.

* * * Morbid anatomy, then, does not tell us all; far, far from it; and, I may add, that if I have learned better to appreciate what this science can teach us, by a more extended observation than it was possible for me to enjoy in America, I have not the less learned that it is by no means the only mode in which we are to study the intricacies of pathology. How much chemistry is to yield, how much a more intimate knowledge of physiology, how much a more exact appreciation of the various influences of the different physical agents upon us, it remains to be decided. This last subject interests me much at this moment, as I am now reading Edwards' work on the influence of the physical agents upon life; one of the most remarkable works I have ever read, both on account of the subject, and the peculiarly vigorous and philosophical mind of the author. I hope to see him soon; Dr Bostock gave me a letter to him. But our poor pathology and yet worse therapeutics; shall we ever get to a solid bottom? shall we ever have fixed laws? shall we ever *know*, or must we be ever doomed to suspect, to presume? Is *perhaps* to be our qualifying word forever and

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for aye? Must we forever be obliged to hang our heads, when the chemist and natural philosopher ask us for our laws and principles? Must we ever blush to see the book of the naturalist, his orders and his genera, with their *characteristics invariable*, while we can point to nothing equivalent? Our study is that of nature, as well as theirs; the same cause acting upon the same materials must ever produce the same effect with us, as with them. But they know *all their elements*. Do we? In their calculation no figure need be left out. Is it so with us? If honest, must we not confess that we are ignorant of many circumstances, which must, however, vary the result? If honest, must we not acknowledge that, even in the natural history of disease, there is much very *doubtful*, which is received as sure? And in therapeutics, is it better yet, or worse?

Have we judged, have we deduced our results, especially in this last science, from *all*, or from a *selection* of facts? Do we *know*, for example, in how many cases such a treatment fails for the one time it succeeds? Do we know how large a proportion of cases would get well without any treatment, compared with those which recover under it? Do not imagine, my dear father, that I am becoming a sceptic in medicine; it is not,

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quite so bad as that; — I shall ever believe *at least* that the rules of hygeia must be and are useful, and that he only can well understand and value them, who has well studied pathology. Indeed, I may add that, to a certain extent, I have seen demonstrated the actual benefit of certain modes of treatment in acute diseases. But is this benefit immense? When life is threatened, do we very often save it? When a disease is destined by *nature* to be long, do we often very materially diminish it? I doubt not, that we do sometimes and under certain circumstances. But on the other hand, I must acknowledge that, what I have seen here of disease and its issues, has rather inclined me to believe that *I individually* overvalued the utility of certain modes of treatment in America. You cannot conceive of my impatience to get home and see again, what I once saw, and what a second time I shall look at with new eyes. I have been led into these reflections (and I hope you will read them as they are, passing, conflicting *doubts*, which must ever arise in the mind of man on every subject, upon which he has not determined facts, as the basis of his opinion) by the study of, or rather the *look* I have been taking at physics and chemistry and natural history.

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I have been led into them too, by the study of these darkest of all dark subjects, diseases of the brain. There I look in vain for a constant and fixed effect, *so far as our senses and present modes of exploration enable us to appreciate the causes and the effects.* There, again, even after we seem to have fixed upon some almost characteristic distinctions, which will translate with comparative certainty the causes, I am condemned to read that having thus discovered the cause, we can go no further. There is a ramollissement, there is a tumor; but we can remove neither. There is a hæmorrhage; but some facts, of *which I have been eye-witness*, teach me that, even without treatment, these sometimes advance toward a certain degree of *cure*, and the symptoms thereof disappear to a certain extent; and beyond that, the art of man can never, or almost never go: the lesion remains; the individual is maimed for life, and that life is not worth the having. Is it not true, my dear father? Your life, which has been so long and so extensively useful, has it not been so more through hygienic, prophylactic, than through strictly therapeutic means?

Think for a moment of the diseases, which prove fatal to the life of man in our country. —

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Probably nearly a fourth die of tubercles; certainly a fourth, if we except those who die of old age. After this fourth, how large a proportion dies of some confessedly incurable organic disease.

Will you know to what results reflections of this sort have driven me? I am brought to think that the medical man's life may be most *usefully* spent in the collection of facts, which shall throw light upon the causes, internal and external, (I mean those which exist within and around the individual,) producing or leading to organic diseases, tubercles and the rest. How can this be done and what will be its effects? Let me say a word upon each of these heads. It can be done, well done, scientifically done, in one way only. Numerous histories of the lives of individuals, from the uterus to the grave, must be carefully collected. Their weight, and size, and parentage; their comparative growth and development; the care of their infancy; length of time at the breast, &c.; their mode of physical education as to diet and exercise; and their diseases, all in detail; their idiosyncrasies in every particular; and a host of things, which appertain to every individual and influence his physical existence.

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This cannot be done by one man; — there must be a society, — a body of men, all impressed with a sense of its importance, all feeling and knowing that without it we *cannot* reach truth. Reflect for a moment upon the delights of such an association. Suppose there were ten of us in Boston and its environs, who should thus associate and observe carefully during ten years or twenty? We begin with the children, who are born under our care; each of us keeps a record of all thus belonging to him; these records are to be copied by a clerk into a book, which is the property of the society. Each month we meet together; the subject of the evening is the additional material during the past month, which appears upon the pages of our book. What would be the advantages of such a society? Call it utopian, call it ideal, if you will; I 'll not deny it. I fear it may, nay, perhaps, must be so; but again I ask, what might be the advantages of such a society?

1. We meet, so many *students*, so many practitioners, all inspired with the holy desire to discover truth and to turn it to advantage. We meet, each presenting to the whole what has occurred to him, receiving the light and aid which the combined efforts of the whole can afford.

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Every individual case, then, of disease will be more fully considered and have an opportunity of *being better treated.* 2. We create a school of *accurate observers*, and the good effects of this alone are endless. 3. We amass materials, from which may be deduced a good and connected general history of the most unknown diseases, those of children, not painted by the imagination, but rigorously deduced from facts. 4. We collect in time a vast quantity of material, which shall go to prove *incontestably* some of the most important points of hygiene. We show, for example, that children nursed only ten months have only half the chance for a continuance of life to the adult age that those have, who are nursed sixteen or eighteen. We show that of two families, equally disposed to phthisis, in one, who from infancy, led an inactive life, &c., all are dead at an early age; while in the other, where means were taken to invigorate the system, all live, &c.

We will suppose that these, or similar and equally important truths, could be rigorously deduced from the facts we had collected; that we could prove them, and show our proof to the world, as the public treasurer renders his annual account to the public, by figures and columns

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not to be mistaken. 5. Again, in thus learning what description of individuals and what sort of life predisposed to such and such diseases, we may arrive at an earlier diagnosis, and thus be able to procrastinate, if we cannot prevent the occurrence of disease. But the advantages, both to the parties and to the public, which might result from such a course are too obvious.

I have shown how I think this may be done and what would be *some* of its effects; but there is yet another and a more important one in my mind than any, which would be produced immediately upon and through the physician. I speak of the effect upon the public mind, — the influence it would upon the education of youth and the public hygiene in general. What mother would dare tear her child from the breast at eight or ten months, after we had shown her and made it accepted truth, that one of two children thus treated would meet with a premature death? How many parents would be stimulated to increase their efforts to give vigor to their children, when it was made as clear as that twice two is four, that without it a wretched life and an early death would be the consequence!

I may deceive myself upon this subject; — though I have not yet written you half I feel and

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think; — I may overvalue its advantages; but on my honor, I do now believe it would be both for science, pure science, for utility, and consequently for the only two highest ends of action to men in our profession, the noblest thing that could be done. Imagine, for a moment, that such a society should spread from its little centre at Boston; that after a few volumes from New England, Philadelphia and New York, then London and Edinburgh, &c., should raise their societies; — that the work should go on; — look forward only fifty years; — imagine a man like ANDRAL to bring together and to extract the truth from the immense mass of materials collected: would there not be truth and useful truth there? To set such a wheel in motion would it not be to have been useful? I long to talk with you upon this subject, my dear father. For two months past it has occupied many a musing hour in my mind. And yet I beg you 'll say nothing of it. Don't think me crazy; I don't expect all that I write. I only hope that an idea has struck me which is practicable, and if practised will lead to good.

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PARIS, DECEMBER 26, 1832.

* * * Having made this accurate analysis of the characters of this morbid part, and having arrived at this more *nette* idea, than I ever had before, of the true distinction of the first stage of inflammation from mere congestion, I was proud and delighted; showed it to my friends; repeated it half a dozen times, and do not abstain from writing you in full, for I was truly happy over it. I pray keep the letter. You may say I should have known it before, but if you look at my cases of cholera described by Louis and Andral, or at Laennec, or at Andral's clinique, you will see that nowhere is the thing drawn out so clearly as I have done it in the last page, by comparing together the two lungs.

PARIS, JANUARY 16, 1833.

* * * In very truth I look forward with fear and trembling to the day when I *must* employ my time to earn money, instead of to learn truth. I once laughed when I was told the student's is the happiest life. Persuaded as I am that there is very much in the exercise of our profession,

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that developes and satisfies the affections, — that delights the moral man, — yet I must acknowledge that, had circumstances favored it, I should have been pleased to pass at least eight or ten years in the study of the sciences of pathology and therapeutics, in the hopes of establishing some important truths. I am afraid, my dear father, that we are in the habit of regarding many things in both these sciences as axioms, which are very far from being proved. As an individual I can be satisfied of a therapeutic truth but in one of two modes. 1. I must see the treatment employed in a large number of cases, which are in no way selected; I must know and observe all the peculiarities of the disease, not only so as to know what it is; but what is the history and nature of the individual who has it, the history, or the general issue of the diseases of the season, &c. &c. These cases, being collected, are my raw material; I must study and class them. I must then count and see how often under such and such circumstances the treatment has been successful. This I have never done with regard to any disease but cholera; but until it is done, my belief as a scientific man, is, and must be insufficient to satisfy my mind. Such evidence is not necessary to prove that relief of

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symptoms follows treatment of various sorts; — of this no one can doubt; he sees it, who looks. But I speak of arresting, or materially shortening disease. On this point general impressions, such general impressions as my mind is capable of receiving, amount to *nothing;* for they are for a thousand reasons most deceptive; especially upon a subject like this, where we are previously inclined by our hopes, our interest. our humanity, coupled with those of the patient and his friends, always to look upon the bright side. Such then must be my mode of determining the truth with respect to any subject that I investigate myself. Look to the history of cholera through the world; the successful remedies, almost as countless as its victims, that have been vaunted; the assured fronts and language of those who talk of their hundreds and thousands, and none lost; or yet worse, of the man who had one hundred patients, and saved one hundred and three.

We live indeed in darkness, and it costs more time to discover the falsity of pretended truth, than it would, perhaps, to reach something truly valuable. Am I wrong? Is there any other way of establishing truth? 2d. Here, my dear father, is the only second mode, in which my mind (I do

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not say my will, — for it is not an affair of volition) will be persuaded; i. e. that if I do not see, he, who has seen, should write me such an account as to prove that he has investigated the subject in the same way.

This is to me a painful subject, for I would fain believe in all the therapeutics which you believe in; and yet the evidence that it is true must be derived from your and my general impressions. Now, when I have had such ample opportunity to see the futility of such evidence; when I hear men like Andral and Louis both declare, that they have been misled nine times out of ten, when they have trusted to such evidence; and that on a minute examination of the very facts, *upon which and from which* these general impressions have been founded and derived, they have discovered their error; when I come to examine English books, from which we receive the great mass of evidence with respect to therapeutical success, and see how they mingle, even the best of them, diseases vastly distinct in their natures; I ask myself, honestly, how far can I trust all this? Do I believe that bleeding *arrests* inflammation, as I believe that a certain combination of symptoms indicates such and such a lesion? Is not the last proved by

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numerous demonstrations? Have I ever seen *one* instance of what the books talk so easily of as to the first? I assure you, my dear father, in the present state of my knowledge, in my present view of the existing state of medicine, I believe that we admit many things in America as axioms, which are very far from being proved. We have too long believed that, because demonstration, on many points, was impossible in medicine, it was not worth while to study it like an exact science. It is a very false position. Just reflect for a moment of what materials our therapeutic literature consists; almost without exception, chosen cases to prove the efficacy of such and such remedies. Is this the way to proceed? Suppose the chemist went to his laboratory *hoping* to find oxygen in *everything*, and made known to the public those cases only in which he found it; would his science advance? What a pity is it that ours is a mixture of science and trade; or what a pity, *scientifically considered*, that we cannot be entirely indifferent as to results; then we might walk securely. But when we are hoping, and our patients are hoping, we are deceiving ourselves, and often the patients themselves, and us also. How difficult is it? shall we, dare we, can we trust to general

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impressions received from such sources, and in such a state of mind? If on any subject rigorous proof is absolutely necessary, it surely is to establish a fact in therapeutics. But enough; though when with you I wish to enlarge more upon this subject, and were it not for two reasons; 1, that I must earn my bread; 2, that I too dearly love that world of the affections to which our profession introduces us; I would devote my life to the accurate determination of some essential points of therapeutics. Remember, I do not deny the utility, in its fullest extent, of all the powerful agents which I have seen you employ; — on the contrary, I am inclined to believe in them to a certain extent; — but my mind (not my will) cannot receive the scanty evidence, which experience, lectures, and books have furnished as *proof* that all is true.

PARIS, JANUARY 25, 1833.

* * * How sad is this auscultation! these positive physical signs; which, though in themselves not enough, yet put the seal of certitude upon what before was doubtful; destroy the

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plausibility of many a willing interpretation of other symptoms; and leave us to fold our hands and await the event. But it must not be so. It is time that the pathological world should turn its attention to the causes; those things which precede and lead to the various organic diseases, and especially to this one which counts so many victims. It is time that we should begin to collect those new observations, which alone can furnish evidence upon this point; I mean the circumstances of the natural history of individuals. For shame upon us, that the antiquarian can spend years of toil and labor to decypher an Egyptian hieroglyphic, the naturalist a life of hardships and privations to ascertain minute points of no practical interest, and that we should pass our lives *getting money*, when, by study and devotion to what is intrinsically of equal interest, simply as an exercise of the human mind, we could reach such results of essential importance to the happiness of millions. I suggested this thing to Andral at his house, a week since. We have learned to diagnose tubercles early, said I; we can tell a man that he has cancer of the stomach; but, that done, what must we add? — that a certain death awaits him, and that we can neither shorten, nor alleviate it.

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Is this the end of our studies? Arrived at this shore, shall we land and be idle; or, like honest and enthusiastic explorers, shall we advance into the country and look farther? I added, the only mode of advancing is to have the lives of a great number of individuals; see under what circumstances they have lived, and what has been their end; from these premises we may have, indeed, we must have important conclusions. He answered, "yes; but men will not do that." I know well that they will not; I know well that I have got to be exposed to a thousand temptations, and to nine hundred and ninety-nine, at least, I shall yield. But I pray God I may have strength to pursue this subject. There is none, which seems to me so important. La vérité est dans les faits. On this subject, as on every other, facts properly collected, must lead to good. My dear father, I am very serious on this point; I wish you would write whether you sympathise with me upon it. The question is not, is it easy? Nothing is easy to do well. The only question is, will it be useful? The only question is, is there any other mode of arriving at the truth?

JAN. 29. My dear father, I have just received yours of December 20th, and in it there is one sentiment, as to which I most heartily agree with you. You say, "in spite of all they say

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of the wickedness of this world, you often reflect how many excellent men and women you have been acquainted with in this world."* I am rejoiced to read from my dear father an expression of my own experience; each day I see it verified; and my principle is, instead of always acting upon the defensive, to be willing to show my colors, and make friends with any worthy man. From this circumstance, my friends are numerous, and I have and do enjoy the acquaintance of many, who reward richly one's confidence and sympathy. * * *

* * * I have not heard from ——, since I last wrote you. His wife was then not very well, but I trust she is now better. I love to speak and write of them. Each day convinces me that the true happiness of man consists in a due and active development of his intellect and affections. Neither alone is sufficient; with a happy development of the two, how much happiness is there in this world.

* I have printed the above for the sake of what follows, as that throws light on the character of the writer. In truth, the occasion of my remark, which he has quoted, was my felicitating him on having formed an acquaintance, and, in some cases, a friendship, with so many excellent people in Europe. I remarked to him, that it was an evidence, that this world is not so bad, as it is often represented.

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PARIS, FEBRUARY 6, 1833.

* * * Seriously, my dear father, I see that my life has got to be in future a little different from what my imagination loves to paint it. I must exercise a profession to get bread; whereas, willing to work, with a horror of inactive life, I still would love to work solely to satisfy two passions, a love of science and an exercise of the affections. And yet I presume, the auri sacra fames will touch me; curse the day that it commences.

PARIS, APRIL 5, 1833.

* * * Up to the time of Louis the same distinction had not been made, as now, between an acute disease, in a *previously healthy* subject, and in one who was already diseased. The pathological laws, which reign over the acute disease in these two instances, are very different however. Again, I mean previous to the light which Louis has thrown upon our science, the force and beauty of which I feel daily more and more, attention was not paid to *all the functions* during life and *all the organs* after death; at

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least by the French and English authors who have written; for it is with pride and delight that I each day repeat to myself, "Yes, my father examined in every disease, all the functions;" he felt the importance of knowing the state of all, in each disease; of each of them. But did he examine *all the organs* after death? No; this is peculiar to Louis. He can tell you in each disease not only the lesions of the organ originally affected; but also the proportion of the secondary lesions, which follow each disease. This is perhaps one of the greatest services, which my French master has rendered to science; and as I begun, so I finish, from an inattention to it, as well as to some other essential points, many of the observations of the best authors lose one half their value. May I give you a single example of the beautiful results, to which Louis has arrived by this scrupulous examination of all the organs in every disease? Variola, — which, thank God, I shall not see at home as I have here, — what is the usual cause of death in this disease when it proves fatal? Authors talk of the exhausted system, inflammation of alimentary canal, inflammation of the brain, &c. — all this is nonsense; for it cannot be *proved*. But what

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has Louis found to be the cause of death? While at la Charité (six years since) of twenty cases, sixteen died of laryngitis; false membrane lining the larynx; swelling, &c. of mucous membrane; great diminution of calibre of glottis. This he has seen confirmed at least as many times more; as I have also six or eight times at la Pitié. Well, why was not this essential and all-important lesion known before? simply because pathologists did *not open the larynx* of variolous subjects. They were, in respect to this point, in the same condition as the ancients with respect to morbid anatomy in general.

I choose this example because it is striking; but both of my beloved master's works* are full of similar ones.

PARIS, JUNE 6, 1833.

* * * I must not forget to tell you that I have this moment seen a new case of Bright's kidney, the second which Andral has found

* The reference here is to Louis on phthisis and on typhus.

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since I showed him mine. But what especially fills my mind at this moment is the most superb case of pneumonia I ever saw, now in our ward. Superb! why? from its therapeutic interest. How delicious is it, among the mass of dying and dead, when the only occupation is to describe the phenomena during and after life, and now and then to palliate; how delicious it is I say, to see here and there a severe case of acute disease, dangerous from its nature, arrested; its duration reduced from twenty to four, or five days. Listen. A man æt. 36, on the night of the 3d of this month, at eleven P. M. was aroused suddenly from his sleep by severe pain in left side; to which were added oppression, cough, and pneumonitic expectoration. He was perfectly well when he went to bed, worked, &c. as usual during the day. No more sleep that night; increase of symptoms with heat, anorexy, thirst, &c. Entered hospital in state of extreme dyspnœa, &c. at nine, A. M. next day: then bronchial respiration over the middle third of left chest behind, with a little crepitous râle and bronchophony. (Hepatization of large portion of left lung already at tenth hour of the disease). Bled to twenty ounces, when he fainted. I saw him again at two, P. M. The

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crepitious râle had disappeared, — nothing but bronchial respiration. Respiration, thirty-six a minute; (I forgot to mention flatness on percussion over same space;) still much fever, anxiety, pain, dyspnœa, although great relief since morning. Next morning, the 5th, same condition, except that the general symptoms, as also the rational symptoms, had decreased in intensity, whereas the bronchial respiration was still more distinct; as yet no return of crepitous râle. Venesection to fifteen ounces. In evening at six o'clock great relief expressed by patient as to all symptoms. Respiration twenty-two instead of thirty-six, as last evening; — bronchial respiration almost disappeared, and its place supplied by the returning crepitous râle, with some vesicular expansion, although still a little of the bronchial character; — flatness less. This morning, 6th, the man expresses a state of "perfectly well;" says he can turn in every direction; in spite of thirty-five ounces of blood lost, is infinitely stronger than at entrance; — pulse seventy-six, instead of one hundred: respiration twenty-two, instead of thirty-six; no pain, nor other symptoms; asks for food; vesicular expansion abundant at the left, behind, with crepitous râle and scarcely any bronchial respiration.

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The man is nearly convalescent, and here we are at the fifty-fifth hour of a grave pneumonia, which occupied the two inferior thirds of the left lung behind, which began severely, which had already reached hepatization at its tenth hour, which was attended with such severe symptoms as to make patient enter at that early hour. My dear father, I rub my hands with joy. I *hope* for treatment during the first hours. I say *hope ;* for *although* I may safely say I have passed one quarter of the hours of daylight, indeed half, in the wards of la Pitié for six months, and although this is No. 21, of my cases of pure pneumonia, which I have collected in the greatest detail there, still it is also the first that I have seen apparently controlled by venesection ; — the first bled under less than twenty four hours. I have no time to write another sheet, and ought almost to beg pardon for filling this with so rapid and abridged a history to an American physician, to whom such cases are not rare.

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PARIS, JUNE 27, 1833.

* * * I received your letters of the 13th and 21st ult., three nights since, together. They cost me thirty drops of laudanum, for my heart beat so hard and my head worked so fast, in consequence of the thoughts, speculations, castle building, &c. to which they gave rise, that I could not sleep, and knowing I must be up at six, A. M. I could not afford to play the dreamer with my eyes open, all night. So you consent to my observing a certain number of years, if I see fit, after a DUE consideration of the matter, and you advise me not to decide until upon the scene of my future life I may better know, weigh and appreciate the circumstances which should govern me. My dear father, I thank you equally for the permission and the advice, and promise as implicitly to follow the one as I gratefully accept the other. I know well, there are a thousand circumstances to consider relative to this subject; perhaps some occur to me which strike you with less force: perhaps my life here and my experience of the men in the first places may have given me certain hopes, and at the same time certain horrors, which you do not realize so strongly as I do. I say perhaps, and perhaps only; — for you are so apt to look at every side

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of a question, that I dare hardly presume. Certainly on the other hand, *certainly* you will present to my mind views of the subject, which I neither see nor feel; and it would be only to continue in the sad way I have always followed to listen too little to the wisdom and kindness of the best of fathers, did I allow myself to decide on any important point of life without his aid and instruction. Be assured then, my dear father, that my mind shall be kept open to conviction. I ask only that, once there, you shall endeavor to keep my mind in a right state, and not let the judgment be biassed by desires and temptations, laudable in themselves, but baneful to him who would for a while make science his sole mistress. The more I advance in life the more I see and feel convinced that its great and chief happiness is self-education; self-development, intellectual and moral. God knows I have enough of both to do. May I only be industrious at the work! I tremble when I reflect upon the number of subjects as yet unknown, but which must be known to me.

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The two letters which follow, were addressed to a medical friend, who kindly sent them to me. The playful style of controversy will be readily understood from the extracts here printed; though it would be more so, if the letters were given entire. I have, however, erased all personal allusions. I trust that the letters will not be thought devoid of interest. J. J.

PARIS, DECEMBER 9, 1839.

MY DEAR DOCTOR, —

If you will deign to receive a word from a poor youth, who strives to estimate morbid anatomy at its true value, placing it neither above nor below its proper rank, he will be happy to say a word in self-defence. But, first, let me thank you for your kindness in writing me such a good long letter, full of pleasant words and kind rebukes and wholesome counsel.

I am glad that you are not displeased with my little memoir upon cholera. I grieve that you misunderstand me upon some points, and that we cannot agree upon a few others.

1st. You misunderstand extremely my esti-

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mation of morbid anatomy. I see I must make a rapid confession of faith in order to let you see in what light I consider this science. 1. I conceive it to be *one* of the modes by which we are to obtain a knowledge of the phenomena of disease, — *but by no means the only one.* 2. I conceive and know that in some cases it affords very important *positive* knowledge as to the nature of disease. 3. I am equally aware that in many cases it affords *negative* information only. But this *negative* information is as important, perhaps, as the positive. It is as useful to know that a thing *is not* as that *it is:* each is a *truth* in nature: each enters equally, as an element, into science: to omit either, is to be guilty of an equal omission. 4. Besides those cases, in which morbid anatomy teaches us nothing positive, are yet many others, in which, although from it we may gain positive knowledge, we are still sure that something more has existed, and has influenced the organs and the economy during life. 5. Indeed, in all cases of disease, there is ever an unknown something which morbid anatomy can *never teach us:* viz. that state, or condition of the parts, which precedes, and is the immediate cause of, the morbid process; and which we know must exist, though we can neither see nor feel it. *En resumé*,

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then, I esteem morbid anatomy as always affording evidence, either *positive or negative*, which must be taken into the account by every rational pathologist; but, on the other hand, there lives not the man, who is more firmly persuaded than myself of its insufficiency to afford us an answer to all that we must look for in this dark science of pathology. It is but last week that I wrote my father very much in these words: "If my life in Paris has enabled me to appreciate, much more fully than before, the advantages of morbid anatomy, my mind has not been the less struck with this all important truth, that morbid anatomy is very far from sufficient to satisfy all the desiderata of the pathologist." I take the trouble to go a little into detail here, because I regard the man, who esteems this science as the "fons et origo," and the only true one, of important and well established truth in pathology, I regard such a man, I say, as taking a very limited view of this science, and as being very deficient in his mode of pursuing it. I am unwilling that you should regard me as such.

But although you will be pleased with this avowal, you will ask me, what other evidence I am willing to admit in order to decide the *nature of disease*. I am ready to answer, two other

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modes of evidence are admissible; but both are to be used with extreme caution, most especially the last. 1. The symptoms; — these it is evident, will be variously esteemed according to the varying *physiological views* of the observer. The ground, then, is dangerous; for there are theories upon the animal economy, so mechanical, so chemical, so wanting in beauty, leading so little to the delightful views of God and his power, which certain others do inspire us with, that I thank God, my mind is made to admit the last rather than the first. It must be allowed that the evidence afforded of the nature of a disease, by the symptoms of that disease, is to be adopted with great circumspection. I could cite examples of an abuse of this species of evidence; but to you this is useless. 2. Analogy; how much may we trust to analogy? I doubt not it is useful. Each day I employ it; indeed without it I could scarcely live. But I fear it greatly; I know how liable it is to abuse.

And, now, my dear doctor, that I have spent half a sheet upon this subject, I will begin another to answer your second complaint against your humble servant. A few words will suffice.

2d. You abuse me because I will not *general-*

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ize: in other words, because I will not adopt, as my sworn creed, those opinions which originated with your ever to be respected friend and master, and which have been confirmed and strengthened by your own laborious observation and research. In the first place, I know that you would despise me more than any other could, did I pretend, through a desire in every respect to coincide with a man to whom both my reason and my affections have so much attached me, to adopt all his opinions, when I was not satisfied that they were true. I do not yet know the facts. I am by no means in a condition to decide the question, whether fever be only a local or a general disease; and, if either, whether it has always one seat, or always consists in the same phenomena. Instead of not generalizing enough, I have done so too much; many questions are now doubtful in my mind, to which I was inclined to give a very positive answer before I came to Europe. And why have they become doubtful? Simply because I have learned facts which I did not, then, know; and I think it wise to wait till I have become yet better acquainted with them, and to search for others, before I form any general opinions upon some most important

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subjects. Instead of being in a hurry, I sincerely hope that I shall yet wait ten years or more: and above all, I trust I shall always be of my present mind upon one point, viz: to prefer to acknowledge myself in doubt, where the nature of the subject necessarily renders it doubtful, than to attach myself to any opinion, the truth of which I know to be very far from demonstrable. My mind is so constituted that I *enjoy* more to say, "well, this point is unsettled; there are such arguments or such facts for one view, and again such others for the other; we cannot yet decide;" than to cry with the ardent and restless theorist, "I know that there *is a certain degree of doubt*, but I *will* believe, for on the *whole* it seems to me true." It may be politic, or even useful at times to suppress the little doubts, which arise against what we regard as important truth, which is to affect the public; — as we may say nothing about our fears of the possible ill effects of a bold course of medical treatment, which we think on the whole useful; and yet, as *scientific men*, in both cases, it would be the height of folly for us not to distinguish between *probable* and *certain*, *demonstrated* truth. I apply this to myself, the student, who am not yet sufficiently advanced in my knowledge of facts to form an opinion

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upon certain subjects. There are several in which my father *has* and I had implicit belief, but which now I doubt; he *knows* them to be true; I do not. It is the same with you; you have studied your subject, long, fully, in all its details; you have arrived at an opinion; but that does not necessarily make me a subscriber to it; because you are learned, it does not make me the less a mere learner; because you have run the course and attained your end, and examined closely your object, and thus fixed firmly your opinion, it does not prove that I am not simply on the road, as yet unacquainted with much that you are familiar with. In other words, because you, from your abundance of knowledge, have a right to generalize, I, in the depth of my ignorance, have no such right. I might possibly have taken the liberty of trying to prove to you that you generalize *too soon*, as you have accused me of the contrary extreme; but I fear your *heavy cannon*, and I will, therefore, be silent, preferring to answer by the defensive, instead of answering your question with another, as the robber says to Alexander, or Alexander to the robber in one of my school days' dialogues, for I forget which.

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PARIS, JUNE 18, 1833.

MY DEAR DOCTOR, —

We had yesterday the pleasure of seeing your friend A.; and, although our interest with the *Northern Courts* is not so immense as your words would seem to imply, we shall endeavor to render what little services are in our power to Mr A., whom I see to be a good fellow, because he seems duly to appreciate your character. * * *

Do you mean to overwhelm me with ridicule? When I have chosen my science, and you yours, do you think it just to take it for granted that, because the one is eminently calculated to develope the mind's best powers and the soul's best affections, the other cannot and is not equally so? As a scientific man, you must surely forget yourself, when you attempt to prove that botany, or geology, or any other of the sciences, *as a science*, is better calculated to improve the intellect, or to afford pleasure to the student, than is medicine; or, rather, the accessory sciences which compose it. What is the pleasure, what the occupation of a truly scientific man? Surely, from an exact and detailed observation of what his senses can demonstrate to him, upon a given subject, to trace the great general laws of nature upon that subject. This I maintain to be the

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fundamental attraction of every science, to one who will view the subject as a man of science should. This being taken for granted, and I think you will hardly deny it me, I would beg you to point out the real distinction, *scientifically speaking*, between tracing the pollen tubes to the ovula of an asclepias, with the eye, and following with the ear the various modifications of sound produced in the chest by a pneumonia. Why with my telescope, may I not as much enjoy a crepitous râle, (of the first order,) or a bronchial respiration of the purest tone, as Brown, with his microscope, a little channel leading from one part to another of his flower. In both cases what do we do? Appreciate, by the nice use of our senses, the phenomena appreciable by them, and then from these phenomena, connected with our previous knowledge, arrive at some law of the existence of these two *beings;* an asclepias on the one hand, a pneumonia upon the other. Perhaps I deceive myself; but I think not; if any distinction exists between these two things, point it out I pray of you. The reason that medicine, (or, to use a better term, the reason that pathology and therapeutics, or the natural history of disease before and after death, and the influence of external agents upon the march of dis-

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ease,) is so despised as a science, is, that it has never yet been studied as a *science*. But the time has come; it actually now takes rank with the other sciences; only it is the least advanced of them.

We have learned that *positive* knowledge may be gained, where we formerly admitted the most loose assertions of each popular author, as he came along. Studied as a *science*, I maintain that it has as strong a claim as any other, upon the best heads; and upon any one, whose object is to develope to the utmost his intellectual powers. Why, then, abuse me for studying it? Should I make duty my guide? My duty is to prepare myself, as well as lies in my power, upon this obscure and difficult subject, which is to be the practical subject of my life. Is it enough for me to know what the books can teach me? They contain more falsehood than truth; and I cannot distinguish between them without studying nature. My duty, then, reduces me to the necessity of observing nature in her diseased operations in the human economy. But how much time shall I give to it? As much as possible, is the only answer; because even that will not suffice. Again, shall we leave duty to those who follow its dictates more than myself; shall

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I ask of taste, shall I take pleasure for my guide? Same answer; my education and habits of life have so constituted me, that it is my greatest pleasure to pursue disease in its myriad wanderings. *It is:* I do not say *it will be.* Since, then duty and pleasure lead me to one object, why should I turn my back upon it? But again, frankly I will acknowledge one thing, viz. that in my castle building for future life, I sometimes tremble; and your sentence, of "pity poor Jackson's wife," has made me tremble anew. To effect what I propose to myself, and what I truly think will be the best possible use of my means and time, will occupy me most intensely for years. I do not mean that I shall not have minutes at my disposal and hours too; but that, in all the best and brightest of those minutes, when my mind is truly awake, it will inevitably recur to the subjects of my study. All this need not be; I can put bounds to what I propose. I can, from the moment I reach home, devote but a given time to the objects of science. But, my dear ——, as a kind friend, you should look, with a little of your heart's as well as your mind's eye, upon my situation. You should reflect upon my father, what he is, and where he is, and what will be his disappointment if I fall

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short in the race. It must, then, be my object so to follow my studies, as best to *secure* what he desires and depends upon. Upon this point, I believe, honestly, that I am better able to judge, than either yourself, or he. I believe so, because, pursuing the science later than either of you, I know and feel more deeply what is to be its march for the next half century. I know how it will be followed by those, who are to rank as masters. But, again, if pleasure, happiness, be the only end of life, I do not agree with you as to the means of gaining it. I do not here refer to any difference as to the estimation of domestic enjoyments; I always appreciated them most highly. I refer to science as a source of happiness. In what way should a man cultivate it, so as to obtain the greatest possible individual pleasure from it? Should he be superficially acquainted with several branches of science, reading what *others* have observed, or, perhaps, observing in general what *others* have pointed out in detail; or should he be one of those, who himself observes and describes for *others?* In other words, is the happiness, which may be derived from the contemplation of the *laws discovered* by others, to be compared with that, experienced by him who discovers them? Is a

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knowledge of *generals*, which, after all, a man who knows not the details intimately, must receive partly on *trust*, — is that knowledge, I ask, productive of the same pleasurable emotions, as a *knowledge* of details; of those details upon which the *generals* are founded? We all admire the beautiful laws of gravity, of electricity, of chemistry. But have we ever experienced a millionth part of the elevation ("exaltation") of Newton, or Franklin, or Davy? Surely not. The same is true upon a smaller scale. I am much happier in pursuing my science in a strictly scientific manner, i. e. by an actual observation of all diseased phenomena by my own senses, than if I read for years the results of the labors of Cuvier and Brown, and Decandolle, &c. &c. Really, to study any science, with the hopes of at all advancing it, requires all one's time, and all his mind; but, if he loves that science, he will be repaid by what he discovers.

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REMINISCENCES

OF

JAMES JACKSON, JR.

BY A FELLOW STUDENT.

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REMINISCENCES.

JAMES JACKSON, Jr. was my school-mate at the Public Latin School in Boston, my class-mate at Harvard University, my fellow-student in medicine while in Boston and in Paris, and I *spoke* to him often during many years, but I never *knew* him until we met in Europe. I shall now speak of him as I saw him there. He was in England when I arrived at Paris, and I did not meet him until four months had elapsed. During the following winter we were together every day. As his connexion with Louis had perhaps greater influence upon his character than almost any other circumstance he met with abroad, it may not be uninteresting to trace the connexion between them in its origin, its progress and its termination. Jackson arrived in Paris in the spring of 1831. He had read of and heard of Louis, and had formed a very high opinion of him, but he learned to respect him much more after he became acquainted with the powers possessed by that great pathologist. He heard his clinical lectures during the winter of 1831–2, and for three months previously had attended his clinical visits occasionally, without becoming personally acquainted with the professor. He was not aware that the latter had noticed him, until one day a friend told him

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that Louis had asked who he was, in these words, "What is the name of the young American, who attends my visits — I mean that one who discovers everything which I do when auscultating our patients? I should be pleased to know him, for he has a fine mind." About this same time also, Jackson was one day standing at the foot of the bed of a patient affected with some pulmonary disease, and Louis, after having examined himself, requested several who stood by to do so, and make their report to him. After they had returned unsatisfactory answers, he looked towards my friend, and told him to come, for, says he, you are "great in auscultation." Jackson mentioned this fact and said the deep pleasure he experienced at that moment, almost took from him the power of examination.

He became afterwards more acquainted, and used to walk occasionally with his preceptor. At length, he with two other Americans asked him to give them private instruction in auscultation and percussion. This made them quite intimate, and his love and respect increased daily, though still he felt always a kind of reverence, which kept him at a distance (as he told me) from the professor, until after his return from England, in the autumn of 1832. Jackson often mentioned to me the great pleasure he experienced at the reception he met with from Louis on his return. He arrived and immediately went to the hospital, where the professor was then engaged in making his visit. To use the words of Jackson — "he came from the patient he was examining, shook hands with me, and said he was glad to see me again; and when we came out the hospital, he put his arm within mine and we walked home together."

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From this moment, Louis and Jackson were near friends. Scarcely ever did a day pass that they did not leave the hospital together. It was quite curious to the student of human nature, to mark the peculiar feelings which existed between them. It was a mingling of parental and filial tenderness, with those friendly feelings that may spring up between equals in age, from respect for each other's talents and hearts. They had much influence over each other. Louis persuaded Jackson to give up his intended visit to Germany. Jackson would, by his ingenuousness, lead Louis to lay before him the whole feelings of his heart. His young zeal, guided as it was by a philosophical mind and pure heart, served to animate even his master.

Louis, I have said, had much influence upon Jackson in exciting him to continued ardor in his profession, and as member of the Society for Medical Observation, of which he had become one of the original associates at the special request of Louis. This society, of which my friend was a most active member, is composed of young physicians in attendance upon the Paris hospitals and of Louis who is President for life. The object of the society is to make good and careful observers of the phenomena of disease, and by their united exertions they hope to benefit the cause of medicine. They hold their meetings every Saturday evening. One or two cases or observations are read and placed in the archives of the Society. After a case has been read, each member has a right to criticise it; and generally the rod is applied with great severity and yet all is harmony. Every individual is supposed to be a more ardent admirer of truth than of his own works. Consequently, each takes his brother's remarks with kind feelings.

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Jackson did much good to the Society by the many observations he presented to it, and by his criticisms upon those of others. He seemed quite to forget that he was speaking a foreign tongue, but attacked and replied with great fluency.

During six months after his return, Jackson visited daily the wards of La Pitié under the charge of Louis; he never failed to go there in the afternoon, after having passed sometimes three or four hours in the usual morning attendance. Sometimes this afternoon visit continued from one until five or six P. M.; often did he remain until long after dark, and he frequently spent one or two hours in endeavoring to learn fully the history of one patient. Nothing restrained him; the elements had no influence over his spirit on these occasions; but onward he pursued his career — always hoping, always animated by a holy love of his profession, and an eager desire of coming at truth. We often thought he exerted himself too much, but he smiled at our fears I well remember one afternoon, about five P. M. that after having already made two visits he started again for La Pitié, after having attended Andral's lecture at the School of Medicine. I accompanied him. His step was elastic and full of buoyancy, but his cheek was pale and his countenance thin. He passed rapidly through our often trod paths and when near the great entrance gate of La Pitié, he suddenly exclaimed, "If I did not feel so well I should think I had a pleurisy, so severe a pain is there at this moment in my side." He however made his visit.

We often walked together in the Garden of Plants and in the vicinity of Paris, and on these occasions our

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conversations were mostly upon medical topics, but very frequently they were upon other subjects. "When I meet a stranger I always *show my colors*," said he to me on one of these occasions. "I tell him all I feel and thus I persuade a man to open his heart to me — and in this way I have gained many sincere friends, whilst you, by pursuing an opposite course, have not. How much pleasure have I enjoyed which you have never felt!" His remark reminds me of two great peculiarities of his mind. I allude first, to his power of winning the confidence of those connected with him so far as to learn their sentiments upon almost every subject, and second, to his frank manner of telling his friends their faults. A young gentleman of great talent was residing near him while in Paris, and my friend was much annoyed at the waste of opportunities which this gentleman was guilty of. At length he spoke very plainly to him, and I was very much amused at the naïveté of the young man as he related the interview he had just had with Jackson. "I never was so severely scolded in my life as I was last evening by your friend Jackson. He told me that I ought to be ashamed of wasting my time, talents and opportunity as I was doing and that I ought to be up and *studying something*. I almost felt inclined to be angry, but in truth I could not, for everything he said was expressed in such words, that I found it impossible to be provoked."

If to any one the beautiful epithet of the ancients, "*pius*" could be applied, I know of no individual more worthy of it than Jackson. No one I ever knew, reverenced his parents as he did. His heart seemed too full of deep feelings when speaking of his father; he could

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not express them. "If there be any one thing truly delightful to me," said he one day when we were strolling in the Garden of Plants, "it is this: I feel as if since my arrival in Europe I have done all, ay, more even than my father ever hoped I would do. I have given him much true pleasure I am sure from the kind letters I receive from him daily." It was quite wonderful and delightful to see how this intense love of his father influenced every action of his life. Often did he say "I did not so because I knew my father would not wish me to do it." Again; "Come, ——, and hear a part of the *delicious* letter I received today from my father." The slightest hint from his parent was enough to create intense pleasure or pain in his bosom. I remember perfectly his strong expression in relation to a letter received in answer to his request to be allowed to visit Germany. The father expressed regret at the idea that his sojourn in Europe would be lengthened. Jackson's eyes glistened when he said to me — "I seized my pen and wrote back immediately to my father, telling him I *was on my knees,* imploring him to forget my request."

He many times spoke of the pleasure he experienced whenever Andral, the greatest Professor of the Medical School in Paris, coincided in the views advanced by his father in relation to certain points in medicine.

Walking one day through the yard of La Pitié together, we met one of the sisters of charity who was a nurse of the hospital. Her face was beaming with mildness. "There," said he, "is a face I dearly love to look upon. I watched the bearer of it during the fearful times of the cholera; I saw her devotion to the dying and the

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dead, and now I dearly love to look upon her, for by doing so I am always reminded of home."

These strong feelings of attachment to his family, his deep sympathy in their joys and sorrows sprang too freely from his pure heart to need any separation from them to have them heightened. Most persons are not fully sensible of the blessed joys of home until separated from them. Jackson, I am sure, always felt most sincerely the holy relation of a child to a parent, of a brother to a sister. But though it was not necessary for him to leave his father's hearth in order to learn to value it, still he did have his affectionate feelings excited in the strongest degree by this separation and by the union which he formed with the gifted minds and sympathising hearts he met in Europe, but he always looked homeward as to his place of joy and of ultimate rest.

"——," said he to me one day when on one of our accustomed walks in the environs of Paris, "——, if there is one circumstance I hope for more than all else, it is that I may be allowed to die at home among my own family." God be praised, his wish was granted. The hands of those dearest to him ministered to him in his last hour, and from society arose the voice of weeping as his light went out.

While in Paris I never heard any one who did not speak kindly of him; he won all hearts The patients of the hospital whom he visited twice a day loved him very much. He spoke kindly to them, and if any were in distress, his purse was like his heart, open for their relief. Many pleasant questions were asked about the "jeune Americain," when I returned from England after Jackson's return home. How attentive, too, was

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he to all of us during illness! — or when in anxiety how full of sympathy! how expressive his eye and his words of kindness! I could appeal to some and they would tell me how well Jackson understood the proper mode of giving consolation to them in suspense or deep grief. He possessed much of that quality which Mrs Sigourney describes as almost a peculiar attribute of woman, "the very poetry of tenderness, breathing not speaking a knowledge both when to be silent and when to speak." I delight in dwelling upon this part of the character of Jackson, for I think it useful. We are too apt to decry this exquisite sensibility; we think it incompatible with highly intellectual merit, but Jackson is a noble refutation of this assertion.

As love and respect for the Deity are nearly connected with holy feelings towards man, I shall now speak of Jackson's religious sentiments.

Deep and holy was his love of the Deity and right reverently did he worship him. His was no time serving worship: it was a continual stream of gratitude. — During the first year he spent in Paris he was a regular attendant upon the Unitarian Church, under the direction of an English Dissenter. About this time he spent certain hours in writing commentaries upon the bible. This church ceased just before his return from England. But is it necessary to be at church in order to feel one's heart glow with gratitude for God's goodness? Oh no! Jackson never had a day pass without feeling his reliance upon the all wise and benevolent Deity who rules all. Speaking to me one day he said, "I have tried much not to do so; I have made it often in the morning the subject of prayer to the Deity." He used

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to say he was first led to think seriously and act from principle by the perusal of Milton's Paradise Lost while in college. When in Paris we both attended the lectures of the eloquent Jouffroy;* and from him he learned more fully to analyse his own mind, and to see in what happiness consists in this world, and the next. He made up his determination to strive in this lower world to fit himself for a future one, that would be purer and grander, by cultivating to the utmost his intellect and his affections.

I cannot pass over his ardent love of the beauties of nature. When travelling among the Highlands of Scotland, and he had reached the shores of Loch Katrine, he was very much excited. I fear some would have thought him too warm in his enthusiasm when they know that after having remained some time at this spot which, by its own native beauties and the poetry of Scott, has become a shrine to which many pilgrims bend their steps, he left it, and passed over the surrounding mountains, but the desire for return was so great, that suddenly he began to retrace his steps, and again sought the far-famed place in order to gather in a new store of those holy influences which Nature sheds upon any true lover of her beauties, at the foot of Loch Katrine. The return of Jackson would be called extravagance by many, nay, downright folly; but no: it was a high and ennobling love of nature; it was natural religion that brought him once more back to this fair spot of God's earth, in order to offer with more fervent feelings his prayers to the God of Nature. Smile not, then,

* See Note 2.

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at the enthusiasm of Jackson. It would be well for all of us, if we could like him,

> "Find tongues in trees — books in the running brooks —
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

"——," said he to me when I was speaking of my intended journey into England and Scotland; "Go to Loch Katrine, it is worth everything else you will find in Great Britain." He wore always, when in Paris, a breast-pin composed of two stones gathered, as he told me, from the two spots which had interested him the most deeply — Mont Blanc, and Trenton Falls in America. From nature he drew consolation and support. The opening flower excited in his glowing heart sweet and kind thoughts which he brought back into the world in his intercourse with it. From the massive and sublime scenery of our own country and of Switzerland, he gained vast conceptions of the Deity. He was then a true lover of nature. He proved in his own person that a deep, holy, even a romantic love of it, is not inconsistent with the perfect fulfilment of all the duties incumbent upon him as member of society, and of the highest intellectual acquirements.

Allied to the love of Nature is that of the fine arts. Jackson could almost worship a Madonna of Raphael; and his sense of the beautiful in music was exquisite. There are some who knew how much he depended upon music for his recreation in Paris. The sad and soul-subduing air of Weber's last thoughts when played with taste would make his tears flow.

But perhaps it will be allowable for me to hint at what he gained in his profession during his sojourn in Paris,

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and especially during the last six months of his stay. A gentleman who has been long in the profession, one who is highly respected by his brethren and the community at large, said to me one day — "I know of no person who is his (Jackson's) equal in the diagnosis of disease, and I make no exceptions either from among the young or old, when I say that James Jackson knows more about disease than any man in the community." This may seem extravagant, but he who made the remark, knows too well the criterion by which medical merit is to be judged of, to make a mistake. I fearlessly say, Jackson had gained powers of recognising diseases in their early stages, which were wonderful. I have been eye witness of one case, at least, in which he discerned commencing consumption before Louis did. He attended much to auscultation and percussion, and pointed out important circumstances to be attended to in their application to diseases of the lungs. One of these, Louis mentioned several times during the course of clinical lectures delivered by him during the winter after the departure of Jackson; he always alluded to our friend as the one who first pointed it out.

At length the hour for his leaving Paris arrived. It was one of deep feeling for many. He had already taken leave of his well loved instructor, being satisfied he could not do so at the last moment. Few friends were with him as he was too much overcome by their approach. He felt that he was leaving, perhaps forever, the spot where he had passed many happy, profitable hours; he had seen for the last time, one who had been to him as a dear father, when separated from his parents and family; he had set his eyes for the last time upon the

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friend who had pointed out to him with tender interest a high and noble way of pursuing what Jackson esteemed the noblest of all professions, and who had breathed into his soul that same ardent love of truth which animated himself; he had parted from his "second father." Thus terminated the intercourse of Jackson with Louis. I met Louis in 1834, soon after the news of Jackson's death had reached him. The worthy professor's voice choked as he spoke of his young friend, the "poor young man." He could hardly utter the words "poor Jackson." His tenderness of manner towards me as friend of his friend I shall long remember. "Adieu, my dear," said he, "and yet I dislike to say the word, for perhaps we shall never see each other again."

Jackson took his way towards England, in order to make his farewell visit upon his beloved friends of Great Britain.

He sailed, and arrived in happiness and health, and in the bosom of his family, he drank his cup of joyousness. I saw a letter written soon after his return. Every word teemed with dear affection towards his father and his family; beautifully simple were his expressions, and full of pure, almost child-like delight.

Not many weeks after his return, having been intensely occupied in his profession, — he fell ill with fever, and I doubt whether he did not receive then his death blow. But he recovered, in some measure, and, on his convalescence, he wrote me part of a letter, which afterwards was sent unfinished as he had left it. I give below the translation of most of it, leaving out merely a few sentences, which would be uninteresting to a general reader. It was written in French.

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"BOSTON, FEBRUARY 27, 1834.

MY DEAR ——:

Do you wish me to commence with excuses for not having written to you previously? No, I am sure that your kind feelings towards me are so great that you will readily excuse me, as I have recently been ill. I have just received yours of January 4, and for it I return you many thanks although it is written in a barbarous tongue instead of the beautiful French you still have the happiness of speaking. I have received likewise two more letters from you. One of them I did not see for some days, as at the time of its arrival my health did not allow of my reading; in fact I could not have understood your pathological morsels. I thank you most sincerely, and I thank all my Paris friends for the kind sentiments they had toward me during my illness. I shall never forget the interest they have taken in me. But, my dear —— you cannot conceive of the extreme debility of one affected with typhus fever, nor of the deliriam which brings up before the mind reminiscences the most strange and inconsistent, the weakness of intellect which comes on after convalescence, which excites in the patient a fear that he will never be able to pursue his profession. I will tell you something of all these if you would like to have me do so. After spending a month (during the prevalence of typhus) and having observed many cases of the disease; after I had made examinations of eight or ten bodies, and two days after having watched with young ——— I began to feel rather ill. At first I had pain in the head on rising in the morning, with a little vertigo. The day on which these symptoms first appeared, I made two examinations, one of typhus the other of cancer. I found that I was much

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more fatigued than usual, and I suffered very much from pain in the back. On the same or the next day I lost completely my appetite, * * * I experienced much debility and an indisposition to undertake my usual occupations. This was 22d of October, and in the evening the pains were still more severe. I thought immediately of typhus, but I was unwilling to believe that I was about to have that affection. That night I passed most wretchedly, in terrible dreams and great restlessness, &c. For three days I was very nearly in the same state, always out and about my various engagements and yet in doubt whether I was going to be really ill. In fact as it seemed to me, until the 26th, and even on the morning of that day my symptoms seemed to decrease. I breakfasted with a tolerable appetite and afterwards went to the hospital, but after spending a half hour there I felt too ill to finish the visit. I returned home. * * In the evening I found my pulse accelerated, my skin hot. I no longer doubted, and my father had already become satisfied that the disease was typhus fever. Here I was, fully taken with a disease, the many sad cases of which I had seen in Paris, I did not then forget I assure you. Towards evening of the next day I begged my father to bleed me, and he did so to eighteen ounces. From that moment, of more than three weeks I have lost entirely all recollection; my weakness increased daily, so that very soon the attendants were obliged to lift me from one bed to another and to turn me from one side to the other; I could do nothing for myself. I had alternately delirium and stupor. I dreamt of everything. Frequently I was at Paris; and was making a visit at La Pitié. I was dining with M. Louis at

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the Palais Royal, or was walking with him through the streets of Paris. One night I exclaimed, it is all over, I shall die tomorrow. Almost the last circumstance I remember clearly was that I was suffering from very severe pain, so intense that I thought I was going to die instantly; I shrieked aloud, and begged ——— who watched with me to call my father, after having given me some laudanum. My father soon appeared and I observed on his countenance an expression such as I had never seen it bear before and may the good God grant that I may never see it again. I immediately perceived his suspicions. He seized my arm; my pulse was not more accelerated than it had been on the evening previous. He gave me this information and immediately his features began to resume their natural expression. Except during this night I never suffered anything but very trivial pains, until my appetite began to return very gradually about one month from the beginning of the attack; then I began to wish for food, and I had pains in the limbs which almost made me shriek aloud. The *spots* were very abundant, rose colored and of an elliptical shape over the whole body; I had two crops of *sudamina* — more copious than I had ever seen before. The last one was at the time of convalescence, so that I was able to enjoy the sight of them. During the few days at the commencement of the disease whilst I possessed my reasoning powers, I told my father I experienced a troublesome sensation in the abdomen, indicating for myself that the seat of the disease was there. It was a kind of pleasure to know by actual sensation the truth of what has been discovered by our honored master, and the proof of which rests upon external evidence.

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But if you cannot understand the misfortune of being entirely dependent upon others, of being incapable of making any efforts for yourself, of being deprived at the same moment of the use of mind, of muscles, and of internal organs, of everything in fact which composes the physical and moral being; of being placed upon the back during three or four weeks without being able to turn from one side to the other, dying with thirst without having the ability to procure water, and suffering a thousand little inconveniences from continuing too long in one position, &c.; neither do you know the delights one experiences from the constant and unwearied kindness of friends to us while ill; the pleasure of observing one's self watched with anxiety by those from whom one has no right to expect such friendship; of finding those to be our true friends whom we thought to be mere acquaintances; neither can you have any idea of the paradise produced by a few flowers in the sick chamber, or by a little daylight, or by new faces after one has been deprived for some time of the light of day, of the company of friends and of everything which this world produces, which is so full of interesting objects. I am sure that it must rarely happen that a traveller even in Italy can be so much excited by the sight of the beautiful paintings in that country as I was when looking at the St Bernard dog which M. Louis had presented me. My box containing it arrived during my convalescence and my happiness was almost too much.

Have the goodness, my dear ——, to express to the society my thanks for the interest it feels in me. I am well pleased that it goes on prosperously, for I am convinced that it is the best of schools, and that M. Louis would do a great service to the world if he could collect

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in it young men from every civilized country of all quarters of the globe. You tell me that —— is quite well, but I should doubt much whether he is entirely out of danger. Please write to me more particularly about his health.

I shall tell you nothing about what I discovered in relation to the fever patients of our city, for I shall write all to M. Louis; in fact I should not have delayed so long writing to him had I not expected to receive a letter from him, but perhaps he has written to me, though I have never received anything.

I will now tell of a case which I know will be interesting to you, and if you wish you may read it to the society. You doubtless remember —— the carpenter, aged about 35, who was at our hospital many times, who had his left side contracted and an aperture communicating with the cavity of the chest near the edge of the ribs."

Here the letter abruptly closes and probably Jackson did not write much afterwards, as six days from that time his last illness came on.

He had just met all his friends around his father's table to congratulate him on his happy return to health. The finger of God pressed upon him even at that hour of hope and rejoicing; and he soon died.

Thus did this pure, and generous spirit take leave of us. And who was there among the community who did not feel the loss society had sustained? The ways of Providence are inscrutable; sometimes almost incomprehensible. So it seems to many that the death of our friend is. He had just entered upon the active

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duties of a noble profession, well prepared for the practice of it by the great acquirements gained while in Europe. He brought to this dear object of his life, his whole soul, burning as it was with a love of truth. But he had a nobler aim than eminence in his profession. Jackson's feelings were too elevated to be satisfied with merely earthly ambition. His object was to ennoble his own nature; or, I should say, he felt most deeply the nobleness of man's nature, and he was satisfied that we are placed here for intellectual and moral improvement, and he therefore strove, by the cultivation of his intellect and of his affections, to gain this end.

Jackson was one to lead mankind, not to follow its dictates. And why was he taken away if thus able to direct mankind? He knows little of human nature, who is not sensible how much good, nay, absolute happiness, is produced by God, even in his most dreadful decrees. How many are led to think more seriously upon the high destiny awaiting them, if they be true to themselves.*

Regarding man as placed in the world for his own self-development, Jackson was ready to leave us. His was an early growth, but it was a rich one; and he has left behind a pure, a noble example for his friends, his young associates in medicine to look to. Long will his memory live with those who knew him, even when they have ceased to weep at the mention of his name. His zeal will recur to them in every act of their lives; and in the hour of sickness and of trial, his kindness of heart, and powers of giving consolation will come up before them like the visions of past joys, "sweet though mournful to the soul."

* See Note 1

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NOTES.

Note 1.

I cannot forbear publishing the following, which was written by the same friend who penned the character of James published in the Daily Advertiser (page 99). He has gone now to assert his "claim to the friendship of Jackson in heaven." The death of this young man was as striking and mournful as that of my friend. Nay, for some reasons it was more deeply touching. Some one will ere long I trust portray before us, his fellow pilgrims, the beauties and energies of his fair character. I would merely state that having been failing in strength for some weeks, he by medical advice went to visit his friends in New York. Arrived there, he was not improved, though he did not suffer, but his strength diminished daily. One day he rode out with his mother; he returned,

"And sinking — passed away."

Concord, June 17.

Dear Sir — Dr Jackson has been so kind as to send me the memoir and letters of James. I could not have believed that the book would give me the feeling I have

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had while reading it. I am ashamed to confess that it has enlarged my idea of the character of my friend. To be sure, I had no means of judging of his professional attainments; but I ought not to have suffered the transparent simplicity and candor of his mind to have deceived me as to its depth. My only excuse is that as Göethe, I believe, said of his friend Schiller, "he grew so fast, he strode forward with such rapidity that if you failed to see him for a little while, you were surprised to find how far advanced he was beyond the ground on which you had expected to meet him."*

Especially is the religious tone of his letters different from what I had supposed. The recognition of God is more constant and distinct. From what he himself said when he told me that he had been wholly absorbed in other studies, that beyond his conviction of moral obligation all his faith was yet to be formed, that he wanted to study religion as a science;—I foolishly supposed, his thoughts had been unexercised about the relation of man to God. I did not enough allow for his singular modesty and frankness, nor for the rigorous discipline which he was wont to prescribe to himself in any study. I now see that he was impatient of lingering amongst the first principles of the Christian faith, and desired intimately to know and receive it.

Do not misunderstand me. I did not imagine him irreligious; but I thought his religion was more unconscious, that like the sunlight of his beautiful temper it

* The quotation above given is not exactly correct. "He strode forward with awful rapidity. If I was a week without seeing him, when we met I was astounded and knew not where to lay hold of him, I found him so much farther advanced."—*Goethe's Conversations with Felix Mendelssohn.*

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was more a "life of God in his soul" than anything that had been with him the subject of reflection.

I am glad, very glad, this book has been made. Such a monument was owed to him; and to all of us who are consoled by it and instructed what manner of persons we must be if we would assert our claim to his friendship in heaven.

Very sincerely,

Your friend and servant,

CHAS. C. EMERSON.

The above letter was the first one I ever received from Emerson, and it was written in consequence of an argument we had held in relation to the character of Jackson, during which I stated that I did not think my friend's most important qualities were appreciated by the community — that he had grown vastly in consequence of his sojourn in Europe, and that he had had no opportunity of showing the capabilities of his spirit. Emerson did not agree to this assertion, and like almost every one else was delighted and at the same time surprised when the memoir appeared.

NOTE 2.

Theodore Jouffroy is at present about forty years of age, and is Assistant Professor of Modern Philosophy at the Sorbonne in Paris. He believes all forms of religion to be developments in the human mind of that principle which exists in all and teaches men to look for something better, holier, grander than can ever be found in this world. Christianity he regards as the most perfect form ever yet

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exhibited to the world. He is a man of great eloquence. His language and manner are beautifully simple. His powers of reasoning are very acute — his arguments well planned. I never shall forget his lecture on the Immortality of the Soul. It was, at that time, like balm to my spirit. With in two years he has been appointed to a professorship in the College of France, and is becoming every day more popular with the young French students. They crowd his lecture room. They are interested in his discussions on the most sublime topics of religion and morals. They talk of them afterwards. I consider France as in the process of regeneration. The country underwent a total overthrow of all religion during the horrors of the revolution, but now it is reviving. Religion is natural to man, and France led on by her philosophers, will ere long stand in the foremost rank as a supporter of Christianity. By Christianity I mean not any opinion of a sect, but the development of the principles of Christ which for eighteen hundred years have made so small advances compared with what they are destined to make, and will make when they are rightly understood.

ERRATUM. — Page 199, line 10, for *telescope* read *stethoscope*.

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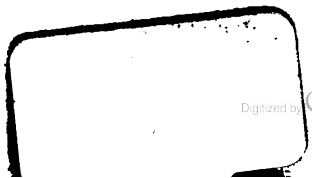

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